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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

NARRATIVE

of the

LIFE OF Wm B. LIGHTON.

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"While waiting on the shore for the boats – I employed my time in reviewing the diversified and chequered past."

Page 88

920

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE AND SUFFERINGS

OF

WILLIAM B. LIGHTON;

CONTAINING

AN INTERESTING AND FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE, AND ENLISTMENT INTO THE BRITISH ARMY; HIS EXPERIENCE WHILE IN THE SERVICE, AND ESCAPE FROM HIS REGIMENT; CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, TRIAL, AND CONDEMNATION TO DEATH; HIS SUBSEQUENT SUFFERINGS, AND FINAL ESCAPE FROM CAPTIVITY, AND SETTLEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

God is my Guide—Virtue and Heaven my reward.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION,

EMBELLISHED WITH TEN STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

MANY of the virtuous and the good, whose lives have been distinguished for usefulness, have contributed to the literature of the world by publishing their biographies; thereby promoting the cause of truth, morality, and religion, and perpetuating their memories among the living. Though the writer may shine with far inferior lustre, in the scale of intellectual and moral greatness, to many who have written, yet he would meekly present to the public a narrative of his young and eventful career; a *career* which has been marked with some of the most remarkable occurrences, and which are not less interesting from having been suffered at so early an age. Of the merits of these assertions the impartial reader is left to judge.

The writer trusts that he possesses nothing of assumptive arrogance, nor the work any thing of ficticious novelty. It is a plain, unvarnished statement of real facts as they have occurred, and of sufferings as they have been endured. The reader, then, must pardon its errors; and, rather than pierce it with a dagger of criticism, he will cover all its faults with a mantle of mercy.

The object of writing it will be obtained, if it shall exhibit the goodness of God, correct the evil passions of the heart, enforce parental obedience, promote generous sentiments, elevate the standard of morality, and purify the taste of the youth, to whom it is most sincerely dedicated.

It was not originally the design of the author to publish his Narrative at so early a period of his life, but to have withheld it from the world until (if he lived) he was further advanced in years, or have left it in manuscript, to be published after his decease. But the ardent solicitude felt by his bereaved and afflicted parents, who have for a number of years suffered severe mental anxiety and grief, from the author's sudden separation from them in the bud of early youth, and his absence in a foreign land, ignorant of the dangers and sufferings to which he was exposed,—probably never to meet them again on the shores of time,—and the earnest, importunate desire expressed in their letters to have it immediately put to press, when they learned its general events by a correspondence;—these were reasons too powerful in their claims not to be acceded to with sentiments of childlike affection and gratitude. Added to this is the conviction that the events imbodied in the work are of sufficient interest to justify their publication.

The author feels that all his sufferings have arisen from disobedience to his parents, and a reckless spirit of adventure. He has, therefore,

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written this as a warning to the rising generation, hoping it may prove a check to the violent passions of the young and thoughtless, and do good; and that it may, on these accounts, be sanctioned by every Christian and philanthropist.

These being the motives from which the following pages have been compiled, he would present them to the candid public, in unison with the sentiments and wishes of friends and kindred, who are far separated from him by the mighty deep, with a desire that they may be rendered a blessing both to them and to every American youth.

That the blessing of God may rest upon the work, is the sincere prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The author's birth. Parents. Family afflictions. A mother in-law. Superstitious regard of the robin. Education. Love of amusement. Disobedience.—Detected in robbing a garden. Poaching and game laws of England. Parental government. Preparation for a sea voyage. Disappointment. Emigration.—A lazy emigrant. Importance of the period of youth. . . . . p. 9

CHAPTER II.

New situations. Ill usage. The author becomes a wanderer. The drover's ingratitude. Becomes a groom. The discovery. Returns home. Kindness of parents. Goes to service again. Unkind and cruel treatment. Runs away.—A wicked companion. Obliged to beg. Cheats the inn-keeper. Lincoln described. Returns home in affliction. Cold reception. Filial duty. Leaves home again. The separation. A mother's affection. New situation. A scold. Becomes a wanderer again. More troubles. Offers to enlist. A cunning trick. Enlists in the York militia. A dishonorable gentleman. Retaliation.—Enlists in the rifle corps. . . . . p. 25

CHAPTER III.

March of recruits to the Isle of Wight. Canute the Great. Arrival at Newport. Military discipline. Short rations. The theft. Its discovery and cruel punishment. Uneasiness of mind. Visit to an old castle. Drumming out. Letter from home. Sickness. Recovery. Orders for marching. Separation of soldiers from their wives. English aristocracy. The maimed soldier. The embarkation. Apostrophe to home. . . . . p. 51

CHAPTER IV.

The voyage. Its prosperous beginning. The storm. Approach to land. Narrow escapes from shipwreck. Sufferings for want of water. Tyranny of officers. Arrival at Quebec. Exultation of the troops. Sails to Montreal. Lands. The barracks. Character and appearance of the old troops. Urbanity of officers. Early privileges. Visits buildings of Montreal. Desires for home.—An extract. . . . . p. 68

CHAPTER V.

Commencement of active military duties. The drill. Annoyance from insects. —An expedient. Punishment of the vicious. Amiable character of our colonel.

His removal. Character of his successor. Desertions. A flogging scene described. The cat-o'-nine tails. Confirmation of these cruelties. Anecdote. Secrecy of these punishments. The parade ground. Knapsack drill. The deserter punished. A traitor to humanity. Escape of Dackenhousen State of author's mind. Intellectual pursuits. Desires for discharge. Becomes an officer's servant. Culinary misfortunes. Desertion. Sufferings by cold. Detected by a selfish landlord, and carried to St. John's. Returned to Montreal.—Confined in the city jail. Trial. Sentenced to death. Visited in the condemned cell by clergymen. The reprieve. . . . . p. 77

CHAPTER VI.

The visit to the condemned cell. The execution. A mysterious visit. A sudden removal. The author is confined for five years to Quebec jail. The tread wheel. Sufferings of the prisoners. They eat a cat. Filth of the prison. A cunning device. Its discovery. Designe of escape. The oakum-garret. Failure of a designed elopement from prison. Another attempt to break jail, and another defeat. The dungeon. The prisoners engage to escape in a body.—Plan of operations described. The discovery. The author's regiment. Disappointed hopes. The prisoners plan their escape through the common sewer.—The effort, and the abortion of the plan. They are thrown into a dungeon and ironed. Resignation. . . . . p. 112

CHAPTER VII.

A new prisoner. Modes of the Spirit's operations. A pious visitor. Delay of duty. A strange preacher. An effectual sermon. A confession. Good advice. Temptations to delay. Serious state of mind. Powerful convictions. The conversion. Delightful state of mind. The young convert. Favorable impressions. Persecution. A Satanic invention. Disappointed hatred. The peace-maker. A prisoner alarmed. The Holy Ghost resisted. Departure of a friend. The prison school. A gift. A plentiful provision. Dr. Morula. Plan of escape. A disinterested friend. Facilities for escape. An auspicious moment.—Groundless alarm. A night's excitement. The crisis. The escape. Farewell to my prison. . . . . p. 138

CHAPTER VIII.

The ecstasy of freedom. The journey. Proceeds towards the back country.—Travels as servant to the doctor. St. Ann's. St. Ann's church. Interior of the church. The road-side crosses. Superstition. The doctor and author resolve to part. The author lets himself. Dulness of situation. Character of the people. Antagonism of intelligence and popery. Fears of discovery. A visitor from Quebec. A fellow prisoner. The prison baker. Resolves to leave.—New causes of fear. An agreeable surprise. The doctor relates his adventures. Arrival at Orleans. The author and doctor separate. Groundless alarm.—Passes Quebec. A pleasant rencontre. A disagreeable visitant. Becomes a hired man. A narrow escape. The hornet's nest. Reaches the United States. An old desire gratified. . . . . .p. 155

CHAPTER IX.

The author becomes an apprentice. Serious feelings. The camp-meeting. The backslider restored. Becomes a Methodist. Removes to Bradford. Desires to preach. The first sermon. Removal to Lisbon. Studies. Temptations. The drunkard. Silly reports. Loneliness. Writes home. A love acquaintance.—Marriage. A letter from England. Becomes a farmer. Domestic happiness.—Another letter from the author's father. The author is licensed to preach. Receives several letters from England. The author persuades his parents to emigrate. Their refusal, and the reasons. A heavy loss. Moral effect of temporal trials. Reflections. What is death? Delights of immortality. Address to the reader. Study of the Bible urged. The Christian addressed. Conclusion. . . . . p. 170

LIFE

OF

WILLIAM B. LIGHTON.

CHAPTER I.

"His early days
Were with him in his heart."

HEMANS.

I WAS born at Frampton, near Boston, in the county of Lincolnshire, England, on the seventh day of September, 1805. My father was the owner of a small but fertile farm, from which, by honest industry, he obtained a comfortable support for himself and family, consisting of a wife and seven children. He possessed a sound judgment, an active, vigorous mind, and a moral character that even malice could not sully with a stain. Blessed with competence and health, beloved and respected by his townsmen, his life passed smoothly on, unmarked by those mental afflictions and anxieties which perplex the wealthy and distract the poor. His was the middle walk in life, which, beyond all disputation, affords the largest share of enjoyment to man.

Of my mother I can say but little, as she died while I was yet a child. A spark of recollection, however, yet remains glimmering in my memory, and reflecting its faint rays upon her character. She was a deeply-affectionate mother, whose affections were regulated by the sterner

Recollections of my mother.

dictates of maternal *duty*, and by the voice of Christianity. Her last sickness was protracted and painfully severe; but with Christian fortitude she endured it without a murmer or complaint. Upon the near approach of dissolution, she summoned the whole family into her chamber of affliction, when, with great firmness and deep-gushing affection, she bade them a long farewell, committing them to the care of her merciful and beloved Master. Shortly after, the death-summons came. Its sound fell welcome on her ears, and, shaking off dull mortality, she flew with a spirit's wings to God, to share with the redeemed a glorious immortality.

"Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share."

A few days subsequent to my mother's death, two of my sisters (twins) followed her to the realms of peace—sweet babes of paridise, called early to their home.

These painful strokes, from the chastening rod of divine Providence, made deep wounds in the heart of my father, teaching him that "man is born unto trouble," and that the smoothest walks in life have here and there a thorn, with which to pierce the traveler's foot. Still he murmured not, but labored to unite with the patriarch in the submissive exclamation of, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

There is—there must be—something peculiarly melancholy in the family of the widower; and, notwithstanding the assiduity and care of attending relatives, the place of the departed, the fond, the beloved wife and mother, is not, cannot be, filled. There is a family *vacuum*. The husband feels it. He has lost the tried and faithful object of his dearest affections; and, though he may now possess

almost a *maternal* solicitude for his babes, yet there is an aching in his bereaved heart. Does he return from his place of daily toil? How the tearful eye gazes on the vacant place *she* used to fill! Associations are connected with that glance, which rend his mournful bosom, and send a thrill of agony to the lowest fountain of feeling. Does he retire to his solitary chamber? It is but to spend the sleepless hours in agonizing remembrances of the past. Every thing around him serves for a temptation to his busy memory to bring up anew the images of scenes long since departed.

How keenly, too, is the mother's loss felt by the surviving children! How they recoil from the cold attention of strangers, and sigh for the warmth and kindness of a mother's love! They miss, too, those instructions which they were wont to receive from her beloved and willing lips, and which used to afford them innocent amusement, while it promoted their intellectual and moral improvement. But though erring and short-sighted man may wonder at that inscrutable Providence which cuts off a devoted mother from her infant progeny; yet He, who holds the destinies of creation in his mighty grasp, and sways an irresistible sceptre over the universe, acts not without a reason; and faith teaches patient submission to his doings; believing, when the veil is removed, and God's ways revealed to man, that the most afflicted of earth's frail sons will joyfully sing,

"My Jesus hath done all things well."

After the lapse of several months, my father married, a second time, to an amiable woman of prepossessing appearance and agreeable disposition. She was kind and indul-

gent; and from her I received that care and attention which in a great degree atoned for my former loss.

My parents were strict observers of the rules of the English Episcopal Church. For the truths of the Bible they possessed a deep reverence and a sincere regard; and they spared no pains in striving to impress its eternal truths upon the minds of their offspring at the earliest periods of mental development.

This pious instruction made deep impressions on my youthful heart, leading me to regard the character of God with the greatest veneration, and inspiring me with a constant fear of offending him by a breach of his holy law. The following anecdote, though simple, will serve to show the operations of these moral impressions on my juvenile mind.

One of the remaining superstitions of the pesantry of England is the belief that the robin red-brest, for some unknown reason, is the peculiar favorite of the Deity; that its *red* breast is the mark by which it is known as such, and that to destroy it is an act of peculiar and abhorrent wickedness. In common with other children, I had been taught this superstition, and had ever regarded the robin as a sacred bird. One day by mistake, I destroyed a brood of these chirping innocents. Upon discovering that they belonged to the kind designated by superstition, I became the subject of the most bitter and painful sensations. Conviction that I had done wrong fastened on my mind. I felt guilty and unhappy, and was filled with tormenting fear, on account of the supposed wickedness of the deed. I tried to forget the act, but the effort was utterly vain. My burden grew heavier; it became almost insupportable; I wept aloud, and cried to God for mercy and pardon, prom-

ising, if he would forgive me, never to be guilty of the like offence again. In the midst of my importunate cries, I obtained as sensible relief as I ever experienced in my life. My guilt was rolled from my heart, and peace returned to my bosom, insomuch that I hastened to my amusements with all the transports of youthful delight. Would that my moral sensitiveness, though better instructed, had always remained equally sharp!

That I might be more efficiently instructed in those Scriptures which make "wise unto salvation," I was, at an early age, sent to one of those nurseries of the church, a Sabbath school. It was conducted by some Christian ladies and gentlemen, whose souls, filled with a Savior's love, yearned with compassion for the youth of our village. From their philanthropic labors the seed my parents sowed was watered; earlier impressions were deepened, and others fixed in my youthful heart, which served as powerful restraints in after life, and, under God, were the means of preventing me from plunging headlong into the unfathomed depths of vice. O, the blesssed and happy effects of Sabbath schools! Surely they are seats of mercy. How vitally important are they to the interests of the church! and how earnestly is it to be wished, that Christians were more awake to a consideration of their value; that they labored more perseveringly and steadily at this mighty engine of piety and reformation! May the omnipotent Jehovah awaken them.

My father, aware of the value of education, placed me under the tuition of Mr. Joshua Dent, a gentleman fitted, both by learning and judgment, to superintend the instruction of youth. By his assistance I acquired a knowledge of the common branches of education; and had I been

less indolent, the higher branches of literature might have been added to my attainments. Such were my indolence and love of amusement, however, that, despite all the efforts of my teacher, I made but little progress, to the great grief of my parents, and to my own subsequent sorrow.

Such was the intensity of my love of amusement, that it frequently involved me in trouble and perplexity, wasted a large proportion of my precious time, and, in some cases, made me amenable to the laws of the land. My *favorite* amusements were the robbing of orchards and gardens, trapping game, and hunting for birds' nests. In pursuing these wicked practices, I not unfrequently exposed myself to the imminent danger of breaking a limb, and even of losing my life. In climbing the lofty hedges which surround the ample fields of the English farmer, my flesh often carried away abundant proofs of the sharpness of the hawthorn's point; nor did my clothes escape, but were usually hanging in rags, occasioned by a rent from the bough of a tree or the point of a thorn. This naturally excited the displeasure of my parents, especially of my mother, whose needle and thread were kept in continual demand through my perseverance in tearing. But neither the displeasure of parents, nor the corporal inflictions with which they saw fit to punish me, deterred me from my follies. A deep-rooted, innate love of indolent and idle pursuits bore down every restraint, and urged me onwards in the career of wrong-doing.

These things are mentioned, chiefly, to point my youthful readers to the great and first causes which led to the numerous sufferings of my after life; that they may regard my fault as a beacon light gleaming forth on the sea of life,

and, by its faint radiency, directing their attention to the dangerous rock on which I and thousands more have wrecked their infant hopes, viz., *disobedience to parents.* Had I yielded to their commands, and abstained from idleness and folly, I should have escaped that censure and punishment which made my home an unpleasant place, and sent me, a wandering boy, out on the highways of the ungenerous and unfeeling world. Two or three instances of my misconduct may not be unprofitable.

My father, being an experienced and practical horticulturist, had, by great effort and expense, brought his garden to a very high degree of perfection. Knowing the rudeness and thoughtlessness of children, he peremptorily forbade them from entering it, without some adult member of the family as a companion, This prohibition, so evidently reasonable, ought to have been implicitly and readily obeyed. To my shame I violated it, and made frequent secret visits to its richly-laden trees, and wickedly enjoyed the guilty pleasure of feasting on its thousand sweets. On one occasion, in company with my eldest brother, unsuspicious of danger or discovery, I was lading myself with the forbidden spoil, when approaching footsteps warned us that we were in danger of detection. Conscious guilt alarmed us greatly, and hastily hiding our fruit, like our first parents in Eden, we secreted ourselves among the trees and bushes of the garden.

The disturbers of our guilty pleasure proved to be my mother and grandmother, who, informed of our proceedings by a neighbor, were come to drive us plunderers away. Approaching our hiding-place, one of them exclaimed,

"Then you are here, you villans, are you? Come out immediately!"

English game laws.

We remaind as silent as our heavy breathing would permit; they commenced a regular search, and soon dislodged us from our retreat, and drove us from the garden.

It has been stated, that I was extremely fond of trapping game. Now, it may not be known to all my readers, that this practice is made criminal by the laws of England; yet such is the fact. By those laws, it is a crime to kill any kind of game, unless duly qualified according to law, which qualification requires the possession of certain properties, or the payment of a weighty tax. Hence, should any, whom Providence has placed in the lower walks of life, *dare* to lay his unhallowed hands upon any of those forbidden creatures, even though urged to do it by the imperious demands of a starving family, the strong, resistless arm of an impious law would drag him from the bosom of a dependant wife and children, and consign him to several years of toilsome life on board the hulks of a seaport, or on the distant shores of some convict colony. These are laws, which, in my humble opinion, ought, if not repealed, at least to be modified, as in their present shape, they are too strongly marked by the odious features of cruelty and tyranny.

My father was a strict observer of these laws, and did all that lay in his power to prevent his children or dependants from infringing them. He would keep no dog, gun or other instrument of poaching on his premises; and he sternly and strictly forbade their violation, threatning the disobedient with the severest punishment. Such, however, were my waywardness and thoughtlessness of disposition, that my father's commands were but as a spider's thread in the way of my gratification; and I was too boyish to be much in fear of the law of the land. Hence I would and

did poach, though frequently detected by my father. At length he adopted a course of very strict and severe discipline, so that life became a burden, and my home an unpleasant place. I ardently sighed for an opportunity to escape from its painful rigors. His positive and oft-repeated prohibitions, accompanied as they were with the application of the rod, and indications of angry displeasure, only served to inflame my desires and increase my obstinacy. My experience verified the sentiment of the heathen poet, who says,

> "Vice is provoked by every strong restraint:
> Sick men love most to drink, who know they mayn't."

Had my dear father depended more on the efficacy of appeals to my sense of right and wrong—had he appealed to my affection for him, and used persuasive instead of severe measures—it is highly probable, that some of the leading defects of my character might have been neutralized, and I saved from those sufferings that befel me in after life. As it was, my disposition grew worse under his disipline, and my affections became much alienated and estranged.

Were a proper line of conduct pursued in the government and education of children, how few *profligate* sons and and daughters, and how few *broken-hearted* parents, should we find! Neglect of early religious instruction, connected with wholesome and *affectionate* restraint, is the ruin of millions. Many parents are too authoritative and severe in their mode of exacting obedience, while others rush into the extreme of foolish fondness, and in reality maintain no government at all. In the former case, home becomes the object of dislike; in the latter, the half-grown man is seen to usurp the authority of the parent, and to treat his power

with as little respect, as if its mandates were as unimportant as the wind that murmurs in the grove, or plays sportively on the rippling waters.

"It is not parental *fondness*, nor parental authority, taken separately, that can produce a beneficial effect. A father may be as fond of his offspring as he possibly can be, and his children be disobedient and rebellious; he may be as authoritative as the Grand Turk, and his children despise and plot rebellion against him. But let parental *authority* be tempered with *fatherly affection*, and let the reins of discipline be steadily held by this powerful but affectionate hand, and there shall the pleasure of God prosper; there will he give his blessing, even "life for evermore." Many fine families have been *spoiled*, and many *ruined*, by the separate exercise of these too principles.

"Parental *affection*, when *alone*, infallibly degenerates into foolish fondness; and parental authority frequently degenerates into brutal tyranny, when standing by itself. The first sort of parents will be loved, without being respected; the second sort will be dreaded, without either respect or esteem. In the first case, obedience is not *exacted*, and is therefore felt to be unnecessary, as offences of great magnitude pass without punishment or reprehension. In the second case, rigid exaction renders obedience almost impossible; and the smallest delinquency is often punished with the extreme of torture, which, hardening the mind, renders duty a matter of perfect indifference.

"Parents, lay these things to heart! Teach your children to fear God: use wholesome discipline; be determined; begin in time; mingle strictness and mercy together in all your conduct; and earnestly pray to God to second your godly discipline with the power and grace of his Spirit."

Volatile disposition. A sea captain. Preparing for a voyage.

That period of my life had now arrived, in which it was necessary for me to make choice of some trade, business, or profession, by which to sustain myself with respectability and usefulness in society. Owing to the changefulness and volatility of my disposition, this was no easy matter. Added to this, my mind was filled with false and romantic notions of distant places. I was charmed with the interesting adventures of travelers, and ardently longed to rove the wide earth uncontrolled and free as the forest birds. This disposition lost none of its intensity from the following occurrence:

Captain Hewitt, a relative of my father, came to spend a few days with us, on the eve of his departure for a long voyage. To him was communicated the ardency of my desires to enter the field of adventure and travel. He proposed to take me to sea. To this my father agreed, provided the plan met with my hearty concurrence. My young heart danced joyously at the idea, and cheerfully consenting, I was ordered to commence immediate preparations, and to hold myself in readiness at the summons of my patron.

I was now absorbed in the bustle and excitement of preparation. My whole soul entered into it. My active imagination was filled with every variety of imagery, and my brain swam, intoxicated with joyous expectation. One idea filled my mind to the exclusion of all others. The pleasure of a sailor's life stood up before me, a perfect paridise of sweets. The thought of leaving home and friends gave me no pang, for I hardly permitted it to have a moments existence. Foolish youth that I was. My joy was the joy of ignorance—a dream of the mind, which the light of sober realities has since painfully dispelled.

My engagedness almost cost my father his house; for one night, while selecting papers and books for an intended journal, I accidentally set fire to the window-hangings of the chamber, which however, with much difficulty, was extinguished.

But all these buoyant hopes and sanguine expectations were fated to be crushed in the bud. Having waited several weeks for the summons of the captain, in vain, I was compelled, however unwillingly, to yield to disappointment; nor did we ever learn the reason why he did not fulfil his engagement. This little circumstance is a specimen in miniture of the daily disappointments which rack the brains and tear the hearts of mankind.

Shortly after this event had taken its location among the images of the past, the question of "emigration" was seriously agitated in our usually quiet parish, occasioning no little excitement and discontent. America, with its unsurpassed advantages, became the subject of constant conversation among all classes of society. The public voice spoke loudly in its favor, and the periodicals were filled with flaming eulogies of this far-famed continent, until an emigrating fever burnt fiercely in the bosoms of thousands. America was believed to be very little else than a modern paridise, or an Elysium of spontaneous sweets.

Among the many who cought this western mania, my father stood foremost, and most ardently did he desire to visit a spot which the flattering hand of report painted in colors so attractive and fascinating. But the ill heath of my mother-in-law stood as an insuperable barrier in his way, and compelled him to relinquish the idea.

The spirit of emigration, though not natural to the English, found a home in thousands of willing hearts. The

pleasing and enticing accounts, constantly received, tended to keep it alive, and to kindle and inflame the most burning desires. The unbounded field it opened to the hard hand of industry; the rich harvests it promised to the speculator; and above all, the rising importance and growing majesty of its government,—were facts which acted on the public mind with the potency of the magnet. Added to this, the deplorable state of things at home, the depression and wretchedness of the lower classes, and the murderous weight of *taxation*, rendered the people dissatisfied, and induced them to regard Emigration as the guardian angel of their safety, beckoning them to leave the isle of their fathers, and, like the Pilgrims, seek a refuge, not from religious, but from political oppression and domestic poverty.

These topics, being under continual discussion in my father's family, and in other places, were not without their influence on my mind. I seized upon them with avidity and eagerness, and they fed to fatness the morbid desire to wander, already existing in my bosom. I now became anxious to go to America. Such is the mind of youth—a substance yielding to every new impression.

My wish to visit this continent was still more increased by the conversation of my private tutor, who, during the winter evenings, was employed to give the finishing stroke to my limited education. My father usually attended at these hours, and during the intervals of instruction, conversed freely upon this subject. I always listened with the profoundest attention, and most carefully treasured up every remark, so that, when my tutor was dismissed, it was evident that I had improved more in my knowledge of American history, manners, and customs, than in any department of science.

An Emigrant's return from America.

Deprived of the conversations between my father and my tutor, I procured a work entitled "The Emigrant's Guide," which I read most assiduously, sometimes carrying it to church on the Sabbath, and wickedly employing myself in poring over its pages, instead of attending to the worship of God, and the solemn duties of His house.

About this time, a friend of my father, named Westmoreland, emigrated from our vicinity. He took passage in the spring of the year, and after a short and pleasant voyage, landed safely in Philadelphia. His first impressions were unfavorable; and from the tenor of his communications, it appeared that he was any thing but satisfied. He found a difference between the mild sun and cooling breezes of Albion, and the scorching sun of Pennsylvania.

He had hardly arrived, before he wrote back, expressing his determination to return as speedily as possible.

One day, as my father and I were laboring in the harvest-field, a gentleman approached us, of whose identity I had little doubt. "Father," said I, "look yonder; here comes Mr. Westmoreland."

"Impossible!" replied he; "and yet it is his gait and manner; as I'm a man 'tis he."

And so it was. He soon came near us, and giving us a hearty shaking by the hands, shouted,

"Ah, Lighton, I'll tell you all about America."

He then presented us with several curiosities, among which was a tortoise. "There," said he, "if you go to America, you will have to live on these creatures, as they are very plentiful, and constitute a favorite *dish* with the Americans."

He then strongly urged my father to lay aside the idea of emigration, presenting many discouragements; among

Discontented state of the author's mind.

which was the grievous torments the people endured from the stings of black flies and musquitoes, which, he said, had deprived him of many a night's sleep. His sombre descriptions, however, did not alter my father's views, for he supposed the man to be more in fault than the country; and as Mr. W. passed out of the field, he dryly observed to me. "I think his back is too straight;" signifying that he did not love work, which indeed was the fact.

Such occurrences as these only served to inflame my desire to cross the Atlantic, and to explore the interesting country beyond it. I grew more and more discontented and dissatisfied with the restraints of my father's house, and was the fruitful cause of much uneasiness to my parents. Severe as was their discipline, it wholly failed to correct the exuberant follies of my depraved heart. I was habitually a disobedient youth; passion ruled in my turbulent soul, and had it not been for the restraining influences of the grace of God, I must, with such a heart, have rushed headlong to ruin and despair.

The period between early youth and manhood is perhaps the most dangerous part of human life. Then, the passions fiercely rise and boldly ask to rule. Reason, as yet, is weak, and easily persuaded to yield that empire over appetite and passion, which is her lawful prerogative. Pleasure, then, comes clad in the greenness and freshness of early youth, with a voice like the siren queen, to decoy the unwary to her fatal bowers. And then it is that the future character of the man is formed. Habits, with their bands of iron, are then created; and few there are, who do not carry the pressure of the band of some evil habit down to the loneliness of the tomb. Hence, this period is one of immense, of tremendous importance.

Importance of the period of youth.

Let these remarks be received as friendly cautions by the juvenile reader. They are designed to make him feel that *he* is in a dangerous path; to induce him to watch over the evil propensities of his nature, lest he be made the dupe of passion. The "*wise man*" has left this sage advice to such in Prov. iv. 23: "*Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.*" Important advice! Whatever my youthful reader may neglect, let him be sure to look well to his heart. It is the great seat of principles. Let bad ones become dominant there, and it will be like "cutting off a right arm," or "plucking out the right eye," to root them out. Therefore watch it! Narrowly observe and correct all its inclinations and aversions, all its motions and affections, together with the several objects and occasions which excite them. Let the heart be thus watched by you, and purified by the grace of the Lord Jesus, and your life will be a perpetually-flowing spring of purity and joy.

CHAPTER II.

"A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam;
And the green leaves whispered as he passed,
'Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?'"

HEMANS.

I AM now about to enter upon that part of my life which exhibits me as a houseless wanderer among the heartless multitudes of mankind. The reader will find a variety of incidents, faithfully and truly detailed. Many facts, simple in themselves, are recorded for the purpose of teaching lessons of wisdom to parents and children; should they be useful as the means of correcting the errors of one youth, the labor of the writer will not have been altogether vain.

My parents, feeling solicitous for my welfare, and despairing of reforming me at home, procured me a situation at a respectable farmer's, about twelve miles from my native village. I staid there but a short time, as my master found his business insufficient to continue me in his employ. Upon returning home, my father received me with great coolness, and strongly expressed his entire disbelief in the truth of my statements, as to the cause of my return. This was very unfortunate in its operation on my mind, as it only served to increase my unhappiness, and make my dislike of home more bitter and irritating.

In the spring of 1819, I was again put to service at some distance from home, in a family, who were remarkably punctilious in their attentions to the externals of religion;

A passionate master. A designed offence.

but like the Pharisees, they were evidently utter strangers to its vitality and power. Among other things, they insisted upon a punctual attendance at the house of God, on the part of their dependants—a request perfectly congenial to my feelings, and which I willingly complied with. But with all their care to assume the appearances of piety, they were the victims of ungovernable passions. Upon the most trifling occasions, my master would assail me with the ebullitions of his wrath. With my utmost efforts, it was impossible to escape his harsh and severe censures, which, in most cases, were wholly undeserved.

It is not therefore surprising, that I soon became discontented and unhappy; and yet I durst not complain. There were none to whom I could vent the feelings of my swelling heart. If I returned home, I should find no sympathy; coolness and anger awaited me there. My sorrows were of necessity locked up in my own wretched bosom. I sighed, and wished my own dear mother had lived; but she, alas! was cold in death, and I had no comforter.

My situation, instead of improving, became more and more unpleasant. My master grew more odious and tyrannical every day. On the most insignificant occasions, he swore and threatened as if an evil spirit possessed him; and my situation became so bad, that it seemed to me that the galley-slave enjoyed a lot preferable to mine. For a while, I forbore to resent his treatment, but at length gave way to carelessness and neglect, in the hope that he would dismiss me from his service; and my plan proved successful. One morning, being sent to take care of the sheep, I purposely loitered by the way. Upon my return, he poured out a dreadful volley of abuse, and after exhausting his entire stock of oaths and blasphemies, threatened to "kick me

over a ten foot wall," which, though a hard affair, I thought would prevent some subsequent trouble, provided we kept our respective sides. However, I made no reply, until he ordered me into the house, to receive my discharge from his service. This order met with my most perfect acquiescence; and I informed him that it should be obeyed to the letter. Upon this, he somewhat modified his tone, and offered terms of reconciliation; but these I utterly repudiated, and left him, determined to go any where rather than to stay with him, or to return home. This circumstance stands among the many adverse ones, which have had their influence in directing my fate, and forming my character. It shows the necessity of a perfect acquaintance with the real character of employers, on the part of those parents who send their children from beneath their own immediate charge—a precaution but too commonly neglected.

Now it was, that the unhappy coolness which subsisted between my parents and myself began to produce its dark and deleterious fruits—fruits alike distasteful to both parties, but especially injurious to me. My home offering me no happiness, I determined to gratify my disposition for wandering. My way led through a distant part of my native village; and, fearful of discovery, I reposed during the remainder of the day in a dry ditch, where I slept soundly though pretty thoroughly drenched by a shower of rain, which fell in the afternoon. Towards night I resumed my journey, and meeting a shepherd boy, who was acquainted with my family, requested him to inform my friends that I had left my situation, and was on my way to some distant town in search of another.

Upon arriving at Boston, I sought the shelter of the tavern; but, observing several of my father's neighbors, I

A dishonest drover. A new master.

quickly retired, to prevent detection, and spent the night in a very dejected and melancholy state of mind, under a more humble roof. The next morning, at an early hour, I pursued my way to Spillsby, where I arrived in the evening. There I met with a drover, who persuaded me to accompany him to a cattle fair. From thence, he engaged me to assist him with a drove of cattle to Horncastle. On my way, happening to stop at a hotel for refreshment, the landlord hired me to become his groom after I should return from Horncastle. After a day's hard travel, the evening beheld me, drover, and cattle, safely lodged at the place of our destination. Here the drover, most ungenerously and unkindly, treated me as a perfect stranger, refusing me any compensation for my toil, and even pretending not to know me. Feeling myself abused, I retired to bed; where, after musing awhile on the ingratitude of man, and other subjects suited to my temper of mind, sleep closed my eyes, and shut out from my mind my sorrows and perplexities. Such were my first lessons in the school of experience—such the fruits of juvenile wandering.

Leaving Horncastle in the morning, a few hours travel brought me to the door of my new master, who soon installed me in my office, giving me strict injunctions to be faithful to my various duties. Anxious to please, I exerted my utmost energy to give perfect satisfaction. But the effort was fruitless; for it soon became apparent that fault-finding was an inherent distemper in my employer, which had ever made it impossible for domestics to continue long in his employ. My condition was unpleasant; like that of the common drudge, it was one of unceasing toil and labor. Even the Sabbath brought me no rest, as on that sacred day it was made my task to take a horse four miles for a

clergyman, and return on foot before breakfast, and in the evening to go on foot and bring it back again. Nor was my food either sufficient or good; it consisted of a little half-boiled meat, and of the coarsest bread half-baked, and so full of coals, that it always seemed to me as if it were made up with a paddle-stick, and thrown on the ash-heap to receive a moderate scorching. This, and the cruel abuse which my master continually lavished upon me, made my life intolerable, and seemed to force me to seek another change.

One morning, after enduring the most unmerciful abuse, I sought a neighboring clergyman, who was a magistrate, in order to obtain redress. Unfortunately he was from home, or, as I afterwards learned, he would have assisted me, as he had long known of the brutality of my employer. The next justice to whom I applied was a gentleman of high rank, who, instead of assisting me, indignantly expressed his surprise that "a boy of my age should have the presumption to prosecute a man, whose superior influence," he said, "would *crush* me, in defiance of all that I could say or do;" and continued he, "I strongly suspect that you are as deep in the mud as your master is in the mire; and you had better go home, and tell your master to get a stick, and give you a good floging." This mode of law-dealing was by no means very agreeable to my feelings; but there was no alternative but to submit in patience, as I was only a poor, unknown, and defenceless boy.

I should have left this tyrant of an innkeeper immediately, but for a mutual obligation to give a month's notice, previous to seperation. However, I gave him notice that I should quit at the end of a month, to his no small chargrin. To live with such a man was next to impossible.

Its cause. Afflictions of parents.

One day, being engaged in my usual employment, a boy came and questioned me about my home and parents, in such a manner as showed him to be acquainted with my history. From his statements it appeared that a gentleman in the neighborhood intended to write to my friends, and that it was probable my father would come and carry me home. To prevent this, I promised to write myself, which I accordingly did, giving a circumstancial account of all my proceedings, and promising to return home as soon as my term of hire should expire.

This discovery of my situation, by my parents was purely accidental; or, perhaps, it ought to be called providential. The reader will remember my message sent by the shepherd boy, when on my way to Boston. Some time expired before they received it; but when they did, it fell upon them as a cruelly afflictive stroke. My father immediately visited the gentleman whose service I had left; where, of course, the tidings of my departure were confirmed. Sad and sorrowful were his reflections then. He thought of my youth—my want of experience—my danger, wandering, for aught he knew, exposed to storm and cold, hunger and nakedness, a ready prey for the wiles of sharpers, and the snares of vice. He trembled for my safety, and offered many a fervent prayer for my preservation. Sleep fled from his pillow, or, if it came, it was only to haunt him with painful dreams of his lost son, surrounded with danger, or ingulfed in misery. Little do wild and recreant children imagine of the sorrow and woe they create by their misconduct. While they are yielding to the impulses of their untamed passions, the pillows of their fond parents are converted to daggers. Solemn will be the account which such children will have to give in the day of judgment!

Becomes a day laborer. Tries to enlist.

No intelligence of my situation was afforded to his anxious inquiries, until, at a party in his neighborhood, the subject was mentioned, and a gentleman, from the place where I was living, observed that a boy answering such a description was living as groom at Mr. H's. This led to my discovery, as the reader has already seen.

After my father had heard from me, he sent twice, by two gentlemen, to ascertain my necessities, relieve my wants, and importune me to return home. But, foolish boy that I was, I madly resisted their entreaties, and, upon leaving Mr. H., engaged myself as a day-laborer in the suburbs of the town. In this despicable situation I remained for some time; but wages being low and labor scarce, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could obtain a bare subsistence. In consequence of this I left the place, resolved to offer myself for a soldier, in the vain hope of finding support and comfort. But where can a rebellious child find rest? Truly nowhere. Every place is alike a place of misery and discomfort, while he carries with him a wicked and obstinate heart.

Upon arriving at Horncastle, I found a recruiting party belonging to the second regiment of "Life Guards;" but they rejected me as being too short. Determined not to be disappointed, I started for Lincoln, an adjoining town. The weather being severe and stormy, I found it difficult and unpleasant travelling; yet I urged on my tedious way along a road, which in some places was literally lined with patridges and pheasants, so tame as easily to be caught; but the iron arm of the law defended them with the strongest penalties.

At Lincoln, I offered myself to a party of the 33d regiment of infantry, and was again rejected for the same ex-

cuse. These disappointments rendered me exceedingly dispirited, and I became the wretched victim of despondency; hope forsook my bosom; poverty, all ghastly and woebegone, stared me in the face, while recollections of the busy past crowded in quick succession through my heated brain. I thought of my folly and obstinacy, of my discontent and disobedience, until conscience lashed me as with a whip of scorpions. Home never appeared so lovely as at that moment; and while its images flitted across my memory, I resolved that, like the prodigal, I would "arise and go to my father;" and with much shame and a heavy heart, I turned my steps towards my father's house, where I arrived the next Sabbath afternoon. How many proud youth have done likewise! My young reader may assure himself that, with all his self-esteem, disobedience and rebellion to parents will lead him to similar humiliation.

But how did my father receive me? With harshness and unkindness? O, no! But with wide and open arms. I was their lost son, happily and unexpectedly restored; and in the fulness of their parental affection they forgave all. They beguiled me into a detail of my sufferings and wanderings, and while they wept over my sorrows, gave such advice as my circumstances seemed to require. Would that it had made a lasting impression, and produced an abiding obedience! Then had I escaped the sorrows and sufferings which befel me in after life. But folly is the characteristic of youth, and most severely do they account for it in the "mellow years"—the latter days of life.

For a few months I remained at home; and nothing occurred to mar my peace or disturb the mutual harmony of our now happy family.

The following summer a gentleman, in an adjoining town,

Another bad master. Runs away.

applied to my father for my services. With the full consent of my parents, I entered his employ, hoping to meet with better success than in my former places. But hard and adverse fortune seemed to attend my steps, and my way was filled with thorns. My employer, though a professed Christian, was passionate and cruel. Twice during my stay he whipped me, and that, too, most unjustly. Uninfluenced by the bitterness of the past, I again resolved, in the heat of youthful passion, to run away and roam at large over the country. Foolish purpose! wicked resolve! I ought to have complained to my parents, and awaited their decision in patience.

In the month of September, my master was taken sick; and this gave me a fine opportunity to decamp. Happening, just at this time, to meet an old acquaintance, I told him the story of my griefs. He was going to Stamford, to join a militia corps; and it required but little persuasion to induce me to accompany him. Returning to the house for my clothes, I met my brother Thomas, who had come to visit me. Determined not to be baffled, I wickedly invented an excuse for not receiving his visit, and joining my thoughtless companion, we set out together for Stamford.

Thus, a second time, I threw myself from the arms of friends, and rushed upon unknown and unfathomed evils. When I review this period of my life, and reflect upon my present condition, I feel compelled to thank Him who has been so good to me—who has caused me to escape "the wiles of the devil," and has taught me to repose on the bosom of Jesus Christ.

After a day's hard travel, we stopped at a tavern, where, to my astonishment, I learned that my companion was penniless. To meet our necessities I sold my watch; and be-

A wicked companion. Obliged to beg.

fore we reached Stamford, my last shilling was changed to gratify his intemperance. Fearing that his company would only procure my ruin, I left him, and once more felt myself a lone stranger, amid a population whose hardened sympathies were not easily awakened by the language of distress, or the tear of sorrow. Finding a regiment of soldiers here, I offered myself as a recruit, but was rejected.

Necessity now induced me to sell every article of clothing which in decency could be dispensed with. With the avails, I left this place, in company with a youth in a similar situation, to travel where fortune or Providence might direct.

Our money was soon exhausted, and, being unable to obtain employment, we were compelled to throw ourselves on public charity for support. The idea of being common beggars, exposed to the curses of those to whom we might apply for aid, was extremely galling, and we could hardly bring ourselves to the attempt. At last, the calls of hunger became so loud and vociferous, that we presented ourselves at the door of a wealthy farmer, and in a piteous tone told our sorrowful tale; but his heart, rendered hard by familiarity with distressed objects, refused to be melted, and with severe language he bade us go our way. Disappointed and dejected, we pursued our journey, and in all probability should have sunken with weariness and exhaustion, had not my companion found a relation of his, who resided in that part of the country. From her we obtained a mere *morsel*; she being any thing but a cheerful giver. It was enough, however to recruit weary nature, and to strenghen us anew for our task.

We arrived that night at Sleaford, a populous town, ornamented with elegant modern buildings, and ancient edi-

fices, the remains of Gothic splendor, and beautified with the most delightful of nature's productions. But, alas! to me all was gloomy and uninteresting; for out of the numerous habitations, not one afforded me a shelter; out of the prolific stores of food it contained, not one morsel offered itself to meet my wants. I felt solitary amid the hundreds who flocked along the busy streets. I sighed for my father's home. After some consultation, we agreed to seek a shelter under the roof of some friendly inn. Conscious we could not pay our bill, and unwilling to cheat to any amount, we retired to bed without any supper. So great was our fatigue that we slept but little; and with the earliest beams of morning we arose. Descending the stairs with great trepidation, we found none but the domestics below. Bidding them prepare our breakfast while we took a short walk, we left the house and thus cheated them out of their due for our lodging. This was a very criminal act, and one which I can only think of with shame. My companion discovered another of his acquaintances in this place, and from him we obtained a hearty meal.

We next directed our steps towards Lincoln, begging our support by the way. Late in the evening we reached it, and adopted the same wicked plan to obtain a lodging as on the previous night, but with less success; for on leaving in the morning we were persued by some of the family, and severely reprehended for our dishonesty and deception.

Lincoln, the capital or county town of Lincolnshire, is one of the most noted cities of England. "It is seated on the side of a steep hill on the Witham, which here divides into two streams. It had formerly fifty churches, now reduced to thirteen, besides the cathedral. The cathedral is admired for its architecture, which is the richest and lightest

Gothic style; its great bell, called *Tom of Lincoln*, requires twelve men to ring it."

Leaving this place, we were completely discouraged. Our hearts sunk within us. We talked about our homes and their comforts, until we were overwhelmed with grief, and mortified for our folly. Seeing no way to prosper, we agreed to go back to our parents. With aching hearts and weary limbs, we commenced our journey homewards in gloomy silence, for our sorrows were too big for utterance. and we were filled with shame, the natural result of our wicked conduct. Young persons should always remember, that there is a *reckoning day* before them. On the way I let myself to a gentleman, whose pity had satisfied our hunger. I agreed to return on Monday of the following week, after seeing my parents. He gave me a shilling as *earnest* money, upon which we subsisted during the rest of our journey home. When near my father's my companion left me, and I have never seen him since.

Left alone, I retired to a solitary spot, where, in happier days, I had indulged in many a flight of youthful fancy: but now dejection sat upon my brow, and sorrow brooded around my heaving heart. The solemn stillness of nature accorded with my feelings, and seemed to sympathize with my distress. I staid here until my brother Thomas disturbed my reveries. His presence soothed my feelings, until he informed me that my father was highly incensed against me for my rebellious conduct. I wept and trembled. Bitterly did I mourn over my folly, and keenly did I regret the fatal step that hastened my departure from my situation. At length I ventured to appear before my offended father, who treated me with the most repulsive coldness. He talked to me seriously and severely, and

gave me some very strict injunctions in regard to my future behavior, to which I humbly promised the most implicit obedience.

This was on the Sabbath. I had promised to return to my new employer on the morrow. So I told my father of my engagement, and expressed my wish to fulfil it, to which he angrily replied,

"You may go, sir, and I wish you would never come back again. I don't want to see you any more. I care not where you go, nor what becomes of you."

This harsh reply stung me to the quick. It fell upon me like the bursting of a thunder-cloud. I could neither say nor do any thing to remove his anger, or propitiate his favor. I wished for the hour of separation, as one looks for an escape from prison. I thought too, that I never would return, but that if I failed in gaining domestic service, I would become a soldier or a sailor, or indeed any thing rather than to return home.

Early the next morning I was visited by Mr Ingraham, an aged gentleman, who reasoned with me and counselled me like a tender father, informing me for my encouragement, that my father intended to settle me in some business as soon as my age and experience should authorize such a step. To this advice he added a trifling sum of money, and left me. While reflecting upon his advice, I met my father, whose cold and repulsive manner chilled my heart. He was about to leave home, and without exchanging a word we parted for the last time! I gazed upon him as he receded, hoping that he would return and give a parting word; but he passed on and left me in a cruel silence. I have never seen him since.

This was wrong. My dear father should have known

Reflections. An appeal to the young.

human nature better. I was really penitent, and a good word might have won my affections and my obedience. But his coldness put out my kindling affections, and drove me into foolish purposes of revenge. I secretly vowed never to trouble him again with my presence. But I have no doubt of the purity of his motives. He thought this severity of manner necessary. I had abused his former kindness, and he no doubt did violence to his feelings in maintaining silence. He intended to inflict a deserved punishment. His error was one of the judgment and not of the heart. But though it cost me much pain of mind, and excited determinations never to return home again, yet a secret monitor within silently whispered, "*The fault is your own!*"

Young reader, have you parents? Does God still, in kindness, spare the authors of your existence? If so, remember your paramount duty—*obedience to their righteous wishes.* They are the authors of your being, and under God the means of your preservation from helpless infancy until now. They have done all in their power to make you respectable in life. Is not your love due in return? Cannot they justly claim a degree of affection from you, that no other human beings can ask? How *dare* you, then, live in daily opposition to their will? During your minority, they stand to you in the place of God; and rebellion against their wishes is considered, in the old, good book, to be rebellion against God. You cannot therefore, expect to possess the smile of the deity until you obey the injunction, "Children obey your parents in the Lord." See Col. iii. 20. Eph. vi. 1. Matt. xv. 4, and Ex. xx. 12.

Disobedience to parents is the most fruitful source of wretchedness and misery. The greater number of those, who come to an untimely end, confess that this, with the

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It was in that solemn churchyard, my father pressed her last warm kiss of affection to my burning cheek.

violation of the holy Sabbath, were the principal causes of their ruin. These sins raised the flood-gates, and let in streams of vices, which drowned their souls in crime and ignominy. Reader, art thou guilty? Beware, and take warning! Humble thyself and repent, or thou wilt be lost forever. From such a fearful fate may God save thee!

But to resume my narrative. After breakfast, my mother informed me of her intention to accompany me as far as the neighboring town of Boston. I took an affectionate farewell of all the members of the family, and told my brother Thomas, that "I should not see any of them for ten years at least"—a prediction but too truly fulfilled! At length, amid their tears and prayers, I left the endearing circle. But oh! what were my emotions! I cannot describe them. My trembling heart sunk within me, and I gave vent to my pent-up feelings in a flood of tears, as I looked back for the *last* time upon the home of my youth.

My mother improved the moments occupied by our walk, in giving me the best advice. Upon our arrival at Boston, she purchased me a suit of new clothes, and then conducted me into the church-yard, that in solitude, she might take a last embrace of a wayward child. That sacred spot—that lonely grave-yard—is still impressed upon my memory. It was there, my mother pressed her last warm kiss of affection to my burning cheeks; there, I received her last embrace; there I heard her last words. They still float upon my ears; even now do I seem to hear her last expression, "Farewell, my son; be a good boy." There was a holy sweetness in that voice, which has ever operated like a charm on my soul, and which the changes of time have not obliterated. Could I reward her for the love and kindness she showed me, in this, my never-forgotten trouble, how

gladly would I sieze the precious opportunity, and tender my willing services at her feet! The strengh of a mother's attachment who can express? It transcends all other attachments, in purity, in strength, and in duration; one of our finest female poets has strongly illustrated this remark in one of her best productions. She says—

"There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love save that within
A mother's heart. It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright, glad creature, springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is *man's* love! What marvel! *You* ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breast! *You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim, weary eye; not *your's* the face
Which early faded, through fond care for him.
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening! *You* ne'er smothed
His couch; ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his last whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance, pressed your lips to his
When fever parched it, hushed his wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love.
No! these are *woman's* tasks. In these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked."

A lonely walk. A new situation.

Being left alone, I pursued my way with diligence, though deeply affected by my recent, and, as I determined, final separation from home. But the sprightliness and buoyancy of youth soon triumphed over my dejection. The country through which I passed was surpassingly beautiful, presenting a richness of scenery rarely equalled. Beautiful lawns skirted with ancient oaks, the pride of Britain; and wide-arching elms, under the sheltering foilage of which the bounding deer and timid fawn sought relief from the glowing sunbeam; splendid mansions, the abode of titled greatness; gardens and shrubberies,—all lay stretched out before me, while my path lay along the banks of the quiet and beautiful Witham. I felt the influence of the scene, and traveling cheerfully along, employed my mind in forming plans for the regulation of my future conduct, and in dreaming splendid day-dreams, which were like a child's soap-bubbles, blown but to break in air. But life has many soap-bubbles.

Early in the evening, I arrived at the place of my destination, and was kindly received by the gentleman who had employed me, and soon initiated into the duties of my new station. My master I found to be single, respectable, and temperate. His family consisted of himself and housekeeper, a most lovely woman, whom I soon loved and esteemed as a mother. I now thought I should be happy, and contented to spend many years in so pleasant and favorable a situation. But alas! how delusive are all earthborn hopes! An unexpected occurrence blasted my prospects, dashed the cup of comfort from my lips, and threw me, once more, an unhappy wanderer upon the wide world.

This occurrence was the visit of my master's mother, a most unhappy woman, and a notorious scold. She had no

sooner arrived than she commenced her *well*, or rather *ill*-contracted method of censuring and scolding all who came in her way. Her doleful strains commenced with the morning, and ceased only with the day. At night she lodged a short distance from her son's house, and it devolved on me to accompany her home. These few moments she regularly improved by pouring out a bitter volley of abuse upon my unoffending head—the most unmerciful that ever disgraced a woman's lip. I was always happy to arrive at her door, and thus rid myself of the company of such an abominable old scold. On my way back, it comforted me to reflect that she had, at least, a partial reward in the misery which is consequent upon the possession of so vile a disposition.

The amiable woman who was our housekeeper, unable to endure such manifestations of a wretched temper, left her situation. Her place was immediately supplied by one, the very reverse of her disposition, and the exact counterpart of our old scold. She from some cause or other, conceived a dislike towards me, and poured volumes of complaint into my employer's ears. He believed the whole, upon no other evidence than her mere assertion; and one morning, calling me into his apartment, he gave me the mean sum of one shilling for my six weeks' labor, and told me I might consider myself dismissed from his service.

With this trifling pittance, I left for the city of Lincoln, where I spent the following night. There I disposed of such clothing as I could spare, that I might have the means of traveling, and then went to Doncaster, and from thence to Leeds, in Yorkshire. This place afforded many interesting objects, which served to divert my mind while my money lasted. The splendid cloth market was the most

striking. It is probably the finest in the world, as Leeds itself is one of the most celebrated towns in England, or perhaps in Europe, for woolen manufactures. The mode of doing business is perhaps peculiar to this market. "At six o'clock in the summer, and about seven in the winter, the market bell rings; upon which, in a few minutes, without hurry, noise, or the least disorder, the whole market is filled, all the benches covered with cloth, as close to one another as the pieces can lie lengthways, each proprietor standing behind his own piece. As soon as the bell has ceased ringing, the factors and buyers of all sorts enter the hall and walk up and down, as their occasions direct. When they have pitched upon their cloth, they lean over to the clothier, and by a whisper, in the fewest words imaginable, the price is stated. One asks, the other bids, and they agree or disagree in a moment. In little more than an hour, all the business is done; ten or twenty thousand pounds worth of cloth, and sometimes more, is bought and sold with a whisper only; the laws of the market, here, being more strictly observed than at any place in England." The rich and splended gas-works, by which the town is lighted up throughout at night, are no small addition to its beauty.

During my stay, I was indefatigable in my efforts to obtain employment, but in vain. My situation was now exceedingly painful, as winter was rapidly approaching, and to be friendless and moneyless during its inclemencies would expose me to much suffering, if not to death. To prevent this, I went to Barnsley and Wakefield, two noted towns, where I obtained only a day or two's labor. As the *fair* was about to commence at Leeds, I returned thither, in hopes to find something to do amid that scene of bustle and

Wanders about distressed and houseless. A disappointed recruit.

noise. A number of days passed in a fruitless search for employment, during which I drew my subsistence from the meagre gifts of charity. Seeing no other prospect of escape from starvation, I determined once more to try my fortune at enlistment, not of choice, but from seeming necessity. Probably the greater number of Britain's immense armies are men who entered that service on a similar impulse. Suffering or enlistment is the alternative of many unfortunates; to escape the former, they choose the latter; and thus England fills her battalions!

Finding a sergeant of the 33d regiment, I enlisted for the 6th regiment of foot, then lying at Leeds. Upon being marched before the colonel and officers of the regiment, I passed the standard; but on being more circumspectly examined, was pronounced unfit for service—being half an inch shorter than the height required by law for soldiers of that regiment. The colonel jocosely remarked, on my rejection,

"My lad, if you wish to be a soldier, go home and grow a little more, and then we will take you."

Disappointed, I next went to York, a city celebrated for the splendor of its cathedral, which is considered one of the most elegant and magnificent Gothic structures, in the United Kingdom. Passing from thence to the next town, I found the populace in much tumult and disorder, being engaged in burning an effigy of the reigning king, (George IV.,) whose cruelty and baseness towards his wife had drawn upon him the odium and contempt, not only of his own subjects, but of every feeling and enlightened man in the world, who had become fully acquainted with the subject. Calling at a tavern, I learned that a recruiting sergeant was stationed there for the night; upon which I deci-

ded to try once more to become a soldier; my situation had become truly deplorable. I had very little clothes remaining, and was wholly destitute of money.

I retired to bed faint, weary, and supperless. The next morning, determined not to be too short this time, I procured a quantity of paper, made socks for my feet, and drawing my stockings over them, went again to undergo a dread ordeal. Placing myself beneath the standard, my height seemed sufficient; and the sergeant was about to pass me, when he asked me with a look that expressed experience in this mode of deception,

"Are your stockings thick?"

"No, sir," said I, as a blush of conscious guilt tinged my pale cheek.

Dissatisfied with my mere denial, he proceeded to examine the bottom of my feet with as much care as if he feared to catch some foul disorder. My contrivance was of course discovered, and he dismissed me with so severe a reprimand, as taught me to be cautious of using paper to increase my height, and made me feel deeply ashamed of my low and guilty cunning.

On my way to the next town, I entered a tavern to solicit a little food. A gentleman who happened to be there, perceiving my destitution, and pitying my condition, relieved my present necessities; after which he addressed me thus:

"Young man, I am in want of a substitute to serve in the militia. Should you like, for a fair compensation, to undertake the service?"

Pleased with the prospect of employment, I eagerly replied, "Yes sir, most cheerfully."

"What compensation should you require?" asked he.

A pleasant interview. An engagement. The militia of England and America.

"Whatever you please to give, sir," said I, willing to get occupation at any rate.

"Well," replied he, "I will give you £4 if you will serve as my substitute for five years in the North York Militia."

"Agreed," said I, my eyes sparkling with delight at the prospect of possessing such a sum of money.

Accordingly he took me home, and hired my board until the meeting of the staff, for "swearing in," or receiving the oath of such as were drafted for the militia. I then took the usual oath, and was duly enlisted. Every thing being settled, and the gentleman being freed from all responsibility in the case, he refused to pay me more than £2, promising to pay the remainder when the regiment assembled for duty. As this period was very uncertain, I took the money he offered, and vexed at his dishonorable conduct, determined never to meet or do military duty for him, but to depart to some other part of the country. This of course was wrong, because one dishonest act can never make another right. The sin of one man does not justify the sin of another, although he may be the sufferer by the other's wrongs; better to suffer, than to do wrong.

The method pursued in England with the militia is different from that in America. There, only a given number is drafted from each town. These assemble one month in a year, for instruction in military duty; during which term, they are supplied with a suit of regimentals, gun, and equipments by the goverment, which are returned at the close of the month's service. In times of peace, however, the militia is seldom or ever called out, though regularly drafted.

The next morning, I left the gentleman and militia behind, and took the stage on my way to London. At Stamford I left the stage, and pursued my way on foot to

Huntingdon, where, falling in company with a young man who had recently visited the metropolis, he dissuaded me from going thither, by convincing me that my inexperience would expose me to great danger from the abounding vices and temptations of that great laboratory of *virtue and of crime.*

Changing my plan through the advice of this new friend, my vacillating steps were next turned towards Coventry. Destitute, melancholy, and wretched, I walked slowly on, mourning over my unfortunate condition. Towards evening, a young man overtook me, to whom my tale of sorrow was unfolded. He listened with friendly attention, and gave me much wholesome and comforting advice; for the time being, it had a wholesome influence on my mind; and my remembrance of this brief interview is ever accompanied with gratitude for his good intentions and well meant counsels. After he left me, a post-chaise passed, and jumping on behind unperceived by the driver, I was soon in the streets of Coventry.

My first effort was to obtain something to eat. Not having a farthing of money, begging was my only alternative; and this failed. No one would give me even a crust. At last, meeting a friendly looking man, I asked him,

"Sir, is there a recruiting-party in town?"

"Yes," replied he; "do you wish to find one?"

"Yes, I want to enlist," was my eager reply.

"Well, come with me, and I will show you where the sergeant is quartered," said he, evidently pleased with the chance of conducting me to that officer. He obtained a trifling bounty, as I learned afterwards, for securing me as a recruit.

The sergeant to whom he introduced me, after asking

some questions, gave me some bread and cheese, and beer, and procured me a lodging, promising to see to my enlistment in the morning. In the morning he ascertained my height by the military standard, and told me I was too short for every regiment but one, which was the 60th rifle corps. With many flaming descriptions of a soldier's life, he urged me to enlist in that; stating that it was in America, and that the recruits would be sent thither at the earliest opportunity. The information of the location of the regiment settled the question. Here was an opportunity offered to visit the country of which I had read and heard so much, and which had interested my mind so intensely for several years.

Being pronounced fit for service, the sergeant conducted me to the officer appointed to administer the oath of allegiance. "How long," said this gentleman, "will you serve?" "*I will serve for life, sir,*" was my ready and deliberate reply. The oath was accordingly administered and sealed, and thus at the early age of fifteen, on he 6th of December, 1820, I became a soldier for life in his Britannic Majesty's 60th rifle corps!—a rash and foolish step, especially the *enlisting for life*, when it might have been for any period not less than seven years. But various considerations may be perceived to account for this rashness, though none to justify it. My youth, being but a mere boy, may be some excuse, as thoughtlessness is a usual attendant upon the steps of boyhood. Then I had a lofty and mistaken idea of a soldier's life; and what probably influenced me more than all was, my previous and obstinate determination never to return home. My father's last words still rang on my ear, "I care not what becomes of you," &c. Whenever these cruel words crossed my memory, they always hard-

ened the rising sensibilities of my heart, and determined me to continue away from home at all hazards.

It is hoped the reader will throw the mantle of mercy over the youthful follies, so candidly developed in the preceding pages. Let him make that use of them, for which their publication is designed. Like the industrious bee gathering sustenance from humble field-flowers, he may gain lessons of wisdom from the incidents of my early boyhood. If a parent, he may learn the almost infinite importance of *right* discipline, and of begining right discipline at the earliest possible period. Lessons of obedience and religion should meet the child when he leaves the cradle, and attend him *all the way through* to manhood. These lessons should be enforced with judgment, with mild firmness, and not with *harshness;* it is possible that mildness on the part of my dear father might have saved me; but, as before remarked, the error was not of the *heart.* Let parents then *study* how to train their litte ones for glory. If the reader be a youth, a discontented youth, he will here have seen, and will also hereafter see, mirrored out before him, the evils which he may expect to suffer, if, yielding to the impulse of his mistaken views, he should dare to follow my bad example, and rush, like a foolish, unprotected lamb, from the fold of his father's house. Hunger and thirst, pain, weariness, and disgrace, and wretchedness, and sometimes ignominy and death, follow in the train of rebellion against parents. Let him then beware and repent; seek pardon for his past misconduct, of his parents, and of his Creator, and, leaning on the bosom of Jesus Christ, let him learn instruction from his sacred lips. Then will health, happiness, and prosperity attend his steps on earth, and glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life, crown him in the world to come.

An appeal to the young.

In reply to a reflection that may cross the reader's mind at this stage of the narrative, that *many* adventures are here recorded for so young a man, the writer can only say, that he has strictly adhered to truth in all his statements.

CHAPTER III.

"I go, sweet friends! Yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers,
For we have wandered far and free,
In those bright hours, the violet's hours."

I AM now about to enter upon the history of what was a new era in my changeful life. Would that I were better able to describe the scenes, through which, by God's providence, I have passed. My spirit rises to God in humble adoration and thanksgiving, for his watchfulness and care over me in all my troubles. That goodness constrains me to exclaim with the shepherd poet, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

My party of fellow-recruits remained in Coventry about ten days, to permit the sergeant to raise the requisite number to fill up the regiment. This time I spent in wandering about with my companions, and in visiting the various places of amusement and recreation. On some occasions, I felt anxious to inform my parents of my situation, but fearing that they would take measures to procure my discharge, I deferred it from day to day. At last, by making their *case my own*, I wisely wrote a plain and candid account of all my wanderings, and also of my enlistment, requesting an immediate answer. Soon after writing, we received orders to march, and I wrote again, informing them of this fact, and stating the place of my destination.

On the morning of our departure we were paraded by the officers, and asked if we had any cause of complaint.

Writes home. March of the recruits. Bad lodgings.

We answered, "No." After which, one of the officers gave us some words of advice and caution; a step which was highly necessary, as we were all the subjects of a bursting and ignorant enthusiasm, occasioned by the false ideas we entertained of the new mode of life we were about to enter. Commanded by an experienced officer, we now commenced our march for the Isle of Wight. This journey was an easy one, as we seldom marched over sixteen miles a day.

On our way, however, we met with some discouragements and disagreeables, arising chiefly from the unkindness of the landlords, at whose taverns we were "*billeted*" on the road. To them the sight of a body of recruits was always disagreeable, as they were oblige to lodge them, whether willing or not, by the sanctions of the law. Hence they frequently treated them with great neglect, insult, and incivility. We were put into beds, in several places, the mere sight of which would make a decent man shudder, and cause his flesh to crawl. Whenever we received good treatment in these houses, we returned it by proper and respectful decorum; and when otherwise, we practised the bad law of retaliation, and kept up a noise like the hooting of owls. Careless alike of threat or importunity, we persevered in our disturbances, keeping our ungracious *hosts* awake, until the dawn of day called us to depart.

At one place, when the hour of retirement arrived, we were required to follow the landlord. This command we cheerfully obeyed, hoping, from the neat appearance of the place, to find comfortable beds and lodgings. But the continued progression of our march blasted our hopes. Our way was through the back yard towards the stables. This made us look at each other, and ask, inquiringly, if we were to be *stabled* like horses. After conducting us through

various windings, he brought us to an upper loft, connected with some out-houses, where he left us with the following compliment, " Gentlemen, take which bed you please."

Sorrowful sight! To be sure we had a light, but it only served to make known the horrors of our worse than Newgate cell. As the moon hid beneath scowling vapors, only serves to give the traveler a glimpse of the horrors of his mountain path, so our light served only to increase our disgust, and to make known the character of those who had visited this filthy spot before us. The room was large and dirty, containing a number of heaps, which, from their appearance, one would hardly suppose to be beds. Beds. however, they were, of the coarsest materials, and the very antipodes of clean. The walls were black with smoke, having been smoked with the flare of candles, and covered with the most ghastly images, so abhorrent that they reminded me of the chambers of the pit. The place was evidently better fitted for the abode of beasts, and satyrs, than of rational men. Had I been alone, I should have felt ashamed; as it was, I felt as if I were in the den of some wretched miscreant. From the necessity of the case we submitted, and slept as best we could; and in the morning, we heaped our beds and bedding into one filthy pile, and left at an early hour. Our conduct at these vile places was not marked with wisdom; it only served to increase the prejudice of the innkeepers against persons of our class. Patient, peaceable submission would have been infinitely better, and more in conformity with true philosophy and religion. But we were neither philosophers nor Christians, which, though it does not justify, explains our conduct.

We now prosecuted our march through the far famed city of Oxford, so celebrated throughout the world of letters

for its university, and in the religious world as the place where many noble martyrs, amid the scorching flame, triumphantly "gave up the ghost." On the tenth day of our march we reached Southampton, a considerable town, deriving its importance from its contiguity to the sea. It was here the just reproof of Caunte the Great to his sycophantic courtiers, is said to have been administered. As many of the readers of this book may never have seen an account of this interesting occurrence, I will relate it for their amusement and instruction.

"As Caunte the Great, king of England, was walking on the sea-shore at Southampton, accompanied by his courtiers, who offered him the grossest flattery, comparing him to the greatest heroes of antiquity, and asserting that his power was more than human, he ordered a chair to be placed on the beach, while the tide was coming in. Sitting down with a majestic air, he thus addressed himself to the sea:—'Thou sea, that art a part of my dominions, the land whereon I sit is mine;—no one ever broke my commands with impunity;—I therefore charge thee to come no farther upon my lands, and not presume to wet either my feet or my robe, who am still thy sovereign!" But the sea rolled on as before, and, without any respect, not only wet the skirts of his robe, but likewise splashed his thighs; on which he rose up suddenly, and addressing himself to his attendants upbraided them for their ridiculous flattery, and very judiciously expatiated on the narrow and limited power of the greatest monarch on earth." "Flatterers who praise great men for their imaginary merit, lull them to sleep to their real miseries." Well does the poet say of flattery—

> "Alas! thy sweet, perfidious voice bretrays
> His wanton ears; with thy siren baits,

Thou wrapp'st his eyes in mist, then boldly lays
Thy lethal gins with crystal gates.
Thou lockest every sense with thy false keys,
All willing prisoners to thy close deceits:
His ear, most nimble where it deaf should be,
His eye most blind, where most it ought to see;
And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself most free."

From Southampton, we were conveyed by water to Cowes in the Ise of Wight, and from thence were marched to the garrison at Newport, where we arrived late in the evening. The next day we were inspected by a board of officers, and consigned to our respective detachments, to be instructed in the discipline and duties of our new profession. Here, I soon learned that a soldier's life was not so easy and pleasant as I had vainly dreamed. Toil and severe duties constantly attend his steps, and the plea of youth or inexperience is never accepted in lieu of duty. For the information of the reader, I shall, in detail of my experience, endeavor to give as correct an idea as possible, of a British soldier's life.

My first experience was in the initiatory school, where I was taught the first principles of the military art; and notwithstanding my ungracefulness and awkwardness at first, I was soon pronounced "fit for duty." These *schools* for military instruction are usually under the care of men of the most tyrannical disposition, whose unmerciful severity and haughty demeanor beget a decided hostility in the breasts of their defenceless scholars. Thus it was with those who instructed the party with which I was connected. The least deviation from the perfection of the evolution we were required to perform, was punished by these myrmidons of brief authority, with the utmost severity; sometimes,

Short allowance of food. Its effect on morals. The theft.

with even brutal ferocity; often, in a manner totally repugnant to the proper discipline of the army, which though severe in itself, does not countenance tyranny on the part of subalterns. Had their treatment of the recruits been fully and fairly known to their superiors, they would undoubtedly have been degraded to the ranks. Our lips, however, were bound by fear; we dared not complain, and therefore unwillingly submitted to their tyranny.

But our troubles did not end here. To unkind treatment was to be added a partial deprivation of many of the common necessaries of comfortable life. Our daily *ration* was but one pound of bread, one pound of meat, a pint of soup, a pint of tea, and three or four potatoes—an allowance, had it all been of good quality, barely sufficient to sustain nature. But it was not. Our bread was of the coarsest and poorest flour; so dark, that it was nicknamed "brown Tommy," and its adhesive properties were such, that if a piece were thrown against the wall, there it would remain. Nor was the *measure* at all just; it was dealt out as choicely as if it had been gold; so that between short weight and measure, and bad quality, we were but poorly off for the comforts of life.

As a consequence of this scanty allowance, some of the new recruits became addicted to stealing; others, more regardful of duty to God and man, suffered the privations of partial hunger. So great was our distress, that every article of clothing that could be dispensed with, was sold for food, and much anxiety was manifested in regard to the future; some applied to their parents for money, and some for means to obtain their discharge, which many of them obtained.

One very painful event occurred during our stay at New-

The sentence.	The culprit's wicked bond.	His punishment.

port. A very respectable young married man, of apparently sober habits, overwhelmed with the wretchedness of his situation, wrote home earnestly entreating his parents to give him the means of procuring his discharge. They either could not or would not grant him his wish; and in that extremity he was led to adopt a most wicked and unjustifiable measure. He lodged in the same room with the paymaster-sergeant, from whom he contrived to steal twenty pounds, the sum required for his discharge, which he enclosed in a letter, and directed to his father. His crime, however, was soon discovered; for the post-master at the office where he deposited the letter, feeling somewhat suspicious on seeing a letter with money from a soldier, made inquiries which led to the discovery of the theft, and the consequent detection of the offender. He was imprisoned, and soon after tried by a court martial, and sentenced to the cruel and ignominious punishment of the lash; he was to receive *three hundred lashes!*

During his confinement, driven to desperation by his situation, and evidently while deprived of the right use of his reason, he wrote an instrument in his own blood, in which he swore unhallowed allegiance and perpetual confederacy with the prince of darkness, provided he should be enabled to escape his doom, and evade the infliction of his cruel sentence. This wicked document was discovered, and shown to the adjutant, who, after pondering a moment over its mysterious contents, laconically, but unfeelingly observed, "If the devil is in him *we* will *whip* him out,"—a remark, by the way, characteristic of officers of the army in general.

On the morning of the infliction of his sentence, about two thousand troops were marched to the fatal spot, and

A restriction.

formed into a hollow square of four men in depth. Then came the trembling culprit, who was stripped naked to the waist, and tied to a triangle, erected for the occasion. When the order to commence punishment was given, the strong sympathy of the troops expressed itself in one loud and universal groan. Every blow, while it scarred the back of the criminal, wounded every soldier's heart, and many turned aside their heads from beholding the cruel and sickening sight. The bleeding criminal cried in loud and piercing accents for pardon, until the oft-repeated blow created a deathish numbness of flesh, and he became insensible to pain! At last, he fainted from loss of blood, which trickled in streams from his many wounds, and was conveyed from the brutal scene to the hospital.

This painful circumstance produced many alarming fears in my mind. I trembled, lest, by some unfortunate act, I should expose myself to a similar punishment. Sometimes I thought of begging my father to procure my discharge; but the remembrance of my ingratitude checked me. So I determined to bear my burdens in silence, consoling myself with the hope of better days, when I should join my regiment in Canada. Thus do men console themselves under present ills, by looking to a brighter day beyond.

There was another circumstance which stood in the way of our enjoyment. We were not permitted, on any account, to go beyond the sound of the drum. One mile in circumference was the limit of the territory we were allowed to range; nor could we travel beyond this limit, without exposing ourselves to the treatment of deserters; which was the infliction of seven hundred lashes, or imprisonment with transportation for life. We had but one specimen of this species of punishment, and numbers were then in close con-

finement, awaiting their fate with an anxiety almost as painful as the punishment. But notwithstanding all these warnings, I was once nearly involved in a similar disaster.

One beautiful afternoon, myself and a few companions were whiling away a leisure hour by a walk through the streets of Newport, when the sight of an ancient castle produced a desire to visit its antiquated walls, which, from report, we understood to be the place where the French prisoners had been confined during the last war with that nation. Our anxiety to visit this spot overcame our fears of punishment; so, regardless of military restrictions, we pursued our way towards it, and arrived there without interruption; being then four miles from the garrison and three beyond our prescribed bounds. This fact prevented much enjoyment, as we were haunted by fear of consequences. Yet we surveyed the beautiful scenery without, and then attempted to gain admittance to the interior, as we had heard the fame of its magnificent architecture. We entered a narrow passage, and finding a first gate open, passed to a second, which was in a stupendous arch, and of no ordinary size or workmanship. To open this, our united efforts availed nothing. Peeping through the crevices made in the arch by the mutilating finger of time, we could discover nothing but doors equally formidable with the one that now opposed our progress. Unable to admit ourselves, we tried to arouse the inmates, first by gently knocking, and then by pulling lustily upon a rope, to which was attached a large door bell. Still no response met our calls. Growing impatient, especially as our time was rapidly expiring, we joined in giving one unanimous call for admission. Each soldier took a stone, and struck the door with all the strength of his arm; this, together with the ringing of the

A narrow escape from danger. Drumming out. The rogue's march.

bell, reverberated with a most astounding noise along the vaulted roofs of the building, until its echo became deafening and terrific.

Alarmed at our own noise, and fearing that the inmates would become incensed against us for our boyish and unseemly conduct, we hastily retired without the outer door, where we met a grave, elderly gentlemen, who justly and severely reprimanded us, and threatened to send for a *picket guard* to arrest us. It was well for us we had reached the outside gate; else, by merely closing it, we should have been his prisoners, and dearly should we have paid for our idle adventure. Fearing that he had already sent for a guard, we quickened our pace, and soon reached our prescribed limits in safety. How emblematic is this little fact of the folly of men! For so trivial a pleasure as is here described, we rashly exposed ourselves to the most degrading of human punishments. Alas! how many, for advantages equally trivial, expose their precious souls to an everlasting hell! Reader, dost thou?

Shortly after this, we were called to witness another species of military punishment, which though very mortifying to the sufferer, is less tinged with barbarity. It is sometimes called "*drumming out.*" The culprit was placed between the ranks, and followed by the musicians, playing the "rogue's march." He was thus conducted to the confines of the garrison, and left to pursue his own course: being now freed from the obligations of his oath, and no longer a military subject. This curious process is generally inflicted for petty thefts and incorrigible profligacy. Many of our number, however, would gladly have exchanged situations with him; seeing it freed him from the tyrannies to which, in common with ourselves, he had been exposed.

To me, it would have been the greatest favor they could have conferred. But alas! I was only permitted to trace in imagination the road that led to my father's house, while the sad reality of my situation remained a dagger in my heart. O miserable prospect!—a perpetuity of bondage, to cease only with life's latest breath; a barrier insurmountable between me and the social comforts of life. But if my bed was thorny, I had made it so, and therefore had no alternative but to submit in all patience.

About this time I received a reply from my father, to the letters sent, as the reader will remember, from Coventry. The following is a copy:—

"FRAMPTON, *January 1st*, 1821.

"Dear Son,

"I have just received, by one post, both your letters sent from Coventry; and while I approve of your conduct in writing me concerning your situation, I can but lament your folly in leaving your place, of which I knew nothing until I received your letter, and your extreme rashness in entering upon a career so humiliating as a soldier's life—a life attended with intolerable hardships, and what is worse, with every species of profanity, lewdness, and wickedness. I hope you will remember to keep yourself clear from these pernicious practices. You know, by this time, they are a swearing set; be sure you never join them in this respect. 'Swear not at all.' You are now beyond the reach of parental instruction, or at least protection; and your situation, together with the distance which does and will separate us, will undoubtedly create in future very serious anxiety for your welfare; and I hope your duty as a child, on this point, will be respectfully regarded. I would

sincerely advise you to be good and dutiful to your superiors, submissive to all your officers, and respectful in your deportment; so that I may hear from, and see you again in peace.

"Your affectionate father,

"WILLLIAM LIGHTON."

This letter paved the way for a regular correspondence, while it removed many fears from my mind, and gave me hopes of better days.

Towards the spring of the year I had a slight fit of sickness, which originated in a cold taken one very wet day, while upon duty. Although my symptoms were not very alarming, yet I was conducted to the hospital, examined, and detained to undergo a course of medicine. While in this place, which was twenty-one days, I underwent more pain than I had ever before experienced. I was deprived of my usual allowance of food, and received, instead, only about a pint of gruel or rice per diem, with but very little of any other food. Towards the close of my sickness, my food was more substantial in kind, though much too small in quantity. While in this situation, I was visited by a comrade, who, after a few words of kind inquiry concerning my health, gave me a letter, which on opening, I found to be from my father, and contained a small sum of money. This present came most opportunely, as it gave me the means of obtaining a few comforts during the period of my convalescence.

My health having recovered, I returned to my usual duties in the barracks; looking with strong expectancy for our orders to sail for head quarters in America. These soon after arrived, for one detachment to hold itself in

readiness to sail for Halifax, Nova Scotia, to join the second battalion of the corps, stationed at that place. Previous to the execution of this order, we were called upon to witness some of the most distressing and heart-rending scenes imaginable.

Many of the new recruits were married men, whose misfortunes, occasioned by the prevalence of distress among the lower class, had induced them to enlist, and whose faithful companions had voluntarily followed them; choosing to endure the denials and poverty incident to military life, rather than indefinite separation from their beloved husbands. Shortly before the time of sailing, the officers cruelly ordered all the women, above a limited and specified number, to return to their homes.

This cruel command was rigorously enforced. Young, virtuous, and innocent women were *torn* from the eager embraces of devoted husbands, amid sobs and tears. Even now I hear the shrill scream of the women, as, with the keenest agony of heart, they took their long, last, affecting farewell. How wildly the father gazed, that sad day, on his blooming but unconscious babes, whom he loved as a second self! But he was forced to leave them, the victims of griping poverty. His wife was poor; her family, too, was poor, and he left them to certain destitution. Fathers felt this on that parting day, and the *soldier* melted into the *man*, nay, almost into the soft-hearted woman. The poor broken-hearted mother was in a worse condition. She was forced from her husband; and in losing him, she lost her all, her only stay in this life.

How deplorably wretched the condition of such a woman! Ever after, the thought of joys departed must militate against her peace. She retains a faint emblem of the father

Reason for the misery of the English poor.

in her child, which only serves to remind her that he is gone forever. This creates a lasting grief,

"——————————— and ends
In misery hopeless and profound."

At last, she hears that her protector has gone the way of all the earth, leaving her and her child destitute of all means of support—of every thing calculated to sweeten the cup of life. Thus left to cope with the cold world alone, these little ones become common beggars, and often end their lives upon the gallows. Such is the fate of many in England, famed as she is for her benevolence and plenty. Does the reader ask the cause? It may be found in the wrong administration of public affairs by a bloated and titled aristocracy. These study their own wealth, while the people are left to grope along the thorny and painful path of poverty. This it was that brought the men in our company to enlist: their separation and the destitution of their families were mere consequences of their situation after becoming soldiers. O England, the clouds are gathering blackness around thee! Thy former brightness is tarnished with many a spot, and methinks thy fate contains afflictions, worse than thy martyrdoms. May the Lord defend thy palaces with princes, and thy courts with noblemen, whose characters shall be unblemished!—Hoping the reader will pardon this digression, I will proceed to offer a few more remarks on the subject of the separation of our soldiers from their wives.

The reader may have asked the question, if there was no prospect of a reunion for these separated ones. Evidently but little, unless they could find the means of procuring a discharge: except, indeed, the remote one of the return of

the regiment; but it is well known, that a regiment, returning from a foreign station, is seldom composed of the same men, as when it leaves the shores of home. Death makes large drafts upon them, and many a brave man leaves his bones to whiten on a foreign soil.

Some of the soldiers, determined not to be separated, cut and maimed themselves, so as to be unfit for service. One instance, in particular, is impressed upon my memory. A young man, accompanying his wife to Cowes, with the guard that was charged with sending home the women, asked leave to step aside, which was granted. Secreting himself, for a moment, beneath an arch, he resolutely cut off his thumb with a razor. Throwing the detached member into a field, he rejoined the rest of the company. His situation was discovered by an officer; he was arrested, and soon after, being tried by a court martial, he was sentenced to be a *pioneer* for life. Thus, after so severe a loss, he still had to endure the greater pang of separation. What will that God say to the actors in these scenes, whose law thunders, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder?"

At last, the day came for our embarkation. We hailed it with delight, hoping that a change in circumstances would produce an alleviation in condition—that better and brighter days awaited us. Early on the morning of our departure, we took an affectionate farewell of the associates we were to leave behind. Much good feeling was manifested, and many kind wishes interchanged between us. Each seemed to hope that the other might prosper in the different parts of the world we were to remove to; it was truly an interesting moment of our lives.

The beating of drums called us from the last sad rites

of the affections, to the sterner duties of the march. So, securing our knapsacks, which were well filled with apparel suited to the climate, we hurried to the parade-ground; after due inspection, the command to march was given, and we proceeded towards Cowes, accompanied part way by a band of martial music, playing its most lively airs. This was a part of the philosophy of military tactics; knowing how natural it is for men to feel sad on leaving their country for an unknown residence, our officers chose this method to excite the *animal* of our nature to high and joyous feeling. But music, though it may soothe the feelings, cannot *cure* heart wounds, nor heal the gangrene of a festered spirit; home has too strong a charm to be broken by the roll of drums.

While waiting on the shore for the boats to convey us to the ship, I employed my time in reviewing the diversified and chequered past—in reflecting on the troubles I had experienced since I left home. Such were my emotions, that I would fain have kissed the soil on which I stood; and when the boat arrived, I felt reluctant to leave the never-forgotten shores of old Albion. As I stept heavily into the boat, I offered a silent prayer for the blessing of Heaven upon myself and friends.

After arriving on board, we were all sent below and hatched down, to prevent escape or confusion. The next day, having a fair wind, we weighed anchor and set sail, May 22d, 1821, and soon left far behind us the beauteous and lovely scenes which every where abound in that rock-bound isle. Soon it assumed the appearance of a shapeless mass of matter, interesting only from the consideration that it was our native land.

THE EMBARKATION.

When the boat arrived, I felt reluctant to leave the never forgotten shores of my native home.

P. 88.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

An adieu to home. The soldier's adieu.

O England *my home*, thy scenes I love well;
Home, where contentment and happiness dwell;
Home, where my infantile weakness was nursed,
The place where my parents saluted me first.
Though thy hills may be hid beyond the great deep,
And the Atlantic billows between us do sweep,
Thou'rt the home of my fathers, the place of my birth,
And more precious to me than the wealth of the earth.

Home! there's a magical spell in thy name;
Wherever I wander, thy scenes I retain;
O, ne'er may the bliss that twines round thee depart;
Thou home of my fathers, thou joy of my heart!
Farewell to the shores of my dear native home,
Farewell, for I leave—perhaps ne'er to return.
Dear parents, adieu! ye friends I love well,
I sighingly bid you a painful farewell!

CHAPTER IV.

"Where are sweet eyes of love
Watching for me?
Where, o'er the cabin roof,
Waves the green tree?
Where speaks the vesper chime
Still of a holy time?
Far o'er the sea."

HEMANS.

THE wind continued in our favor; and, spreading every sail to catch the favoring breeze, we made rapid progress. This lighted up every countenance, filled every heart with gladness, and tended to gradually dissipate the melancholy which separation from our country had so generally occasioned. The buoyancy of our spirits returned, and we were sportive as the young dolphins that played in the curling wave; bright day-dreams of a prosperous voyage, and pleasant results in the New World, filled our thoughts, and excited our highly-wrought imaginations.

But man is inconsiderate: in the hour of prosperity, he forgets that dangers leap into the footprints of safety; that his circumstances are changeable as the fickle wind; and that there is a superior Being who rules the storm, makes the calm, and regulates the minutiæ of human life. To teach this truth, God often sees it to be necessary to reverse his prospects, to tumble his fairy hopes into the dust, and to teach him by severe lessons the instability of every thing beside Himself. Thus it was with us. Joyous in the prosperous breeze, we thought of little else. Our hearts went not to God; we thought of no coming storm.

The storm. Land discovered. Short allowance.

But the storm came, and a fearful one it was. For a week, the obedient breeze had met our warmest wishes; but now it became adverse and furious. The waves, which had hitherto playfully smacked our vessel's side, foamed with mighty rage, and threatened our destruction; they broke fearfully over the deck, washing us from side to side; so dreadful was their violence, that we expected every moment would bury us deep in some ocean cave. Feeling terrified at these magnificent displays of omnipotence and power, I sought relief in solemn prayer to Him who calms the "raging seas."

During the prevalence of the gale, I remained on deck as much as possible, to watch the progress of the storm, or to read the feelings of the crew by their physiognomy. After two weeks it subsided; and soon after we met and spoke several ships, which, as every one who has traversed the ocean knows, is a very enlivening event to voyagers. At length, after many storms and dangers, we heard the welcome cry of "Land ho!" from the man at the mast-head, which, upon examination, was found to be the American coast. The wind was now fair, and both troops and crew were impatient to enter the noble St. Lawrence, when unfortunately the ship ran aground. Much confusion of course followed. Our water was thrown overboard; two anchors were sunk, and after much faithful effort at the winches, the vessel again floated, to our great satisfaction. But meeting with adverse winds again, we were kept beating up and down the mouth of the gulf for several days, and very nearly suffered the worst of deaths, viz., death by thirst. Our water was very nearly exhausted, and we were confined to half a pint a day per man; and that was so filthy and loathsome, that with all our thirst we could scarcely

drink it. The excessive heat of the weather served to heighten our distress and to reduce us to the last extremity of misery. My suffering was so great, that I made a vain attempt to quench the violence of my thirst by the use of sea-water, which only increased my miseries. Once I broke through the restrictions of the ship, and secretly stole down to the water-cask and obtained a draught of water, which, though refreshing to me at that time, would be refused with disgust on shore.

We were now enveloped in a thick, damp, fog, so dense that we could not discover an object a rod beyond the ship's bows. In this situation we sailed several days, until one morning, between the hours of twelve and four, the captain was aroused by a tremendous grating, as if the ship had run upon a rock. He rushed upon deck in his night clothes, and with a voice that thrilled the stoutest heart, shouted, "About ship or we are lost!" This command was sudden and unexpected. The crew seemed stultified, and no one moved. After a moment's pause, in a voice more terrible than before, the shout of the captain, "About ship, or we are lost!" aroused them to a sense of their danger and duty. Every man flew to his station, and in a few moments the danger was escaped. It was then discovered that the delay of a few minutes would have run our bark upon a dangerous ledge of rocks, where we must have become a perfect wreck. Providence, kind, indulgent Providence, alone effected our deliverance; for, had not the captain awaked precisely at the moment he did, all must have perished! Narrowly escaping a similar danger, soon after, we cast anchor, to wait for the dawn of day.

During all this danger and alarm, two of the watches, amounting to more than a hundred men, were fast locked

in the embraces of sleep, ignorant alike of danger and of safety. When, therefore, the anchor was dropped, drawing after it the huge chain cable, with a noise like the crash of falling timbers, these were aroused in great fright and alarm. Supposing that they were all going to the bottom, they rushed upon deck in utter confusion, and almost in a state of nudity, screaming and crying aloud for mercy. The scene was at once ludicous and painful; it was some time before their fears were allayed, and they prevailed upon to retire to their berths below.

At day-light, the fog and darkness disappeared, and we found ourselves riding gaily at anchor in the majestic St. Lawrence. We soon weighed anchor, and, with wide-spread sails, caught the favoring gale, and rapidly ascended this noble stream; from which in a few hours, refreshing draughts of water were obtained to quench our burning thirst. A pilot now came on board, and our spirits were highly excited with the prospect of being speedily on shore. The wind, however, soon depressed our rising hopes, for by a sudden change it became adverse, and we could only sail at the changes of the tide; to add to our discomfort the captain compelled the troops to remain below with closed hatches a great part of the time. This unkind step prevented us from enjoying the beautiful scenery of this queen of streams.

Several instances of high-handed tyranny occurred during the time we were on board, one of which I will mention. One day, after washing my clothes, I hung them in the rigging to dry; at night, they were stolen. Finding them gone, I made proper inquiry, and found them in the possession of the thief, one of my comrades. I reported him to the proper officer, and requested him to obtain the

restoration of my property. But the tyrant haughtily bade me begone, threatening if he heard another word from me, to put me into confinement. Thus, unjustly, I was compelled to be silent under the endurance of a grievous wrong. Well has it been remarked by a certain author, that "when subjects are ill-treated by subaltern officers, and make remonstrance to the prince because of the too great authority of his ministers of state, their lot is like that of a man, who, half dead with thirst, approaches a river to drink, but, perceiving a crocodile, is obliged to perish for lack of water, or submit to be devoured."

We soon arrived in front of the impregnable city of Quebec, after a tedious voyage of seven weeks; its buildings and fortifications rose full upon our visions, and filled every heart with animation, and every eye with the flashings of delight. Hope had its part in producing this warm excitement; for it whispered of better days to come. The salute of the battery upon our arrival was taken by us as the welcome of the Canadas to their future defenders; and the plentiful supply of provisions sent us from the shore, as an earnest of their intended kindness and humanity towards us. But these were fancy's dreams in a young soldier's breast, destined to be dispelled by the hard hand of reality, and sober experience.

The day after our arrival, another ship, containing two hundred troops, cast anchor beside us, having made her voyage in four weeks. The next day we were all put on board a steamboat, and safely conveyed to Montreal, which we reached in good health and spirits. The officers of the regiment boarded us the moment we touched the wharf. With much urbanity of manner, they congratulated us upon our safe arrival, paraded us on board the boat, and then

A motley regiment. British officers.

marched us to the barracks; where we were joyfully hailed and kindly received by the old soldiers of the regiment, who cheerfully divided their provisions among us to meet our immediate wants. We were all detained in the yard of the barracks, until divided and allotted to the several companies. While this was going on, two English officers, evidently attracted by my extreme youth, kindly questioned me as to my parents, history, &c., in a manner which gave me great satisfaction. It afforded me pleasure to find myself afterwards drafted for their company.

For a few days we were treated with considerable lenity. Being allowed many hours of spare time, we visited the ancient and curious buildings of the city; but these, to my taste, looked poorly compared with what I had seen in the father-land. The appearance and character of the regiment were also matters of surprise to my mind; it was made up of an odd mixture, a curious medley of the representatives of almost every nation on earth. There were the grave Englishman, the hardy Scotchman, the thoughtless Irishman, the gay Frenchman, the sober German, the cunning Portuguese, the treacherous Spaniard, the musical Italian, and the boorish Dutchman—an assemblage that made any thing but a pleasing impression upon my mind. Many of them were fierce as the Indian, but most retained the characteristics of the nation to which they belonged. Some few bore the marks of distinguished zeal and piety; while others were totally devoid of every religious feeling but superstition, and of every principle but what led to vice; and many seemed as stupid to all ideas of human duty as the brute of the field.

Withal, I felt surprised that British soldiers should imitate the semi-barbarian by wearing the hair on the upper

lip, which was their practice at that time, though discontinued shortly after. Our officers were mostly men of kind and pliant dispositions; they were made up of English, Irish, Scotch, and Germans. Our commanding officer, Colonel Fitzgerald, was an Irishman by birth, a gentleman by education and property, and possessed a disposition that made him beloved by every soldier under his command. His lady was a woman equally beloved and admired, possessing a rare disposition of kindness and benevolence. Her influence was great, and her manners pleasing. From her sympathy and efforts in behalf of poor, delinquent soldiers, she had obtained the honorable and distinguishing appellation of "*the prisoner's advocate*," among the troops.

Though these trifling privileges, the urbanity of our officers, and the novelty of every thing around me, served to keep my mind engaged, and to prevent settled despondency, yet there were moments when my spirit clung with painful tenacity to the things of other days—to departed hours—to a lost home and sacrificed friendships. Then my soul would pour out its complaints in solitude and give itself up to all the luxury of grief. O, there is a charm in departed days, which enchains and makes us captive to their spells. The poet has so beautifully expressed the feeling of the lone heart in view of the past, that I cannot refrain from laying before the reader, as expressive of my state of feeling at this period of my changeful experiance, the following extract:—

"Days of my childhood, hail!
Whose gentle spirits, wandering here
Down in the visionary vale,
Before mine eyes appear
Benignly pensive, beautifully pale.

An extract.

O, days forever fled, forever dear,
Days of my childhood, hail!"

* * * * *

"The loud Atlantic Ocean,
On England's rugged breast
Rocks with harmonious motion
His weary waves to rest,
And, gleaming round her emerald isles,
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.
On that romantic shore
My parents hailed their first-born boy;
A mother's pangs my mother bore;
My father felt a father's joy."

* * * * *

"Light without darkness, without sorrow joy,
On earth are all unknown to man;
There while I roved a heedless boy,
There, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vexed with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect cares;
But Oh! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes! they break no rest;
Like dew-drops on the sky-lark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast."

* * * * *

"To soon my mind's awakening powers
Made the light slumbers flee;
Then vanished with the golden hours
The morning dreams of infancy;
Sweet were those slumbers, dear those dreams to me;
And yet to mournful memory, lingering here,
Sweet are those slumbers, and those dreams are dear;
For hither, from my native clime,
The hand that leads Orion forth,
And wheels Arcturus round the north,

An extract.

Brought me in life's exulting prime.
Blest be that hand! whether it shed
Mercies or judgments on my head,
Extend the sceptre or exalt the rod,
Blest be that hand—it is the hand of God."

CHAPTER V.

"The boy was sprung to manhood; in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home.
——————————— on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer."

BYRON.

AFTER being allowed a sufficient time to recover from the effects of our long and tedious voyage, we commenced the duties of our military life in Canada, by being placed under the care of an experienced sergeant, to be more fully fitted, by continued drillings, for the several parts of a soldier's occupation. As the old soldiers were worn down by toil, this work was prosecuted with much vigor, and we were kept in the field from early morning to dusky eve. Of course, we had no time for recreation, for we were glad to retire to bed as soon as we were freed from the commands of our instructing officer. This was the beginning of our trials—the first monition of experience, dissipating some of our airy visions of ease and rest in America.

The insect tribe soon showed themselves to be among our most formidable foes, by depriving us almost entirely of sleep during the night. That *man-loving* genus, the indestructible bed-bug, had quartered most innumerably in our barracks, and every night they attacked us in whole battalions. We formed various schemes for their destruction, but still they flourished and increased. Some of my comrades retreated, and slept in the barrack-yard, until the night air threatened to be more ruinous than the insect marauders of our room. I conceived a curious expedient: placing my

bed on the floor, I made a trench around it, and filled it up with water. This I supposed would free me from their invasions; but my opponents were not to be avoided thus; for they soon came dropping down from the ceiling, like rain drops from the sky. Finding we had no other alternative, we at last gave ourselves up to be devoured at their pleasure. We submitted like soldiers who cannot conquer.

Many of our number being the devotees of vice in its various forms, we were frequently called to witness their punishment; which, according to military law, was done with the whip, or *cat*, as it is technically called. On these melancholy occasions, our humane colonel would turn away his head and weep, and he generally remitted the greater portion of their punishment. Had it not been for the direction of the military law, he would have dispensed with *that* kind of punishment entirely in his regiment. Happy would it have been for us, had his successors, and his fellow-officers, possessed a kindred kindness! Unfortunately for us, and for our peace, we were shortly after deprived of his services; he being appointed to another and a higher station by his government.

He was succeeded by Colonel Andrews, a Scotchman, who was the very reverse of his worthy predecessor. Upon assuming the command, he seemed determined to ruin the peace and destroy the happiness of the whole regiment, by his harsh and tyrannical measures. He began by ordering all the troops, old and young, to the field for exercise—a measure highly offensive to the veteran soldiers, who, for many years, had been exempted from this, to them, unnecessary toil. They grumbled and complained without any relief,—still they were drilled daily, to their no small chagrin. Punishment for trivial offences was also made cruelly severe

by the new colonel. As a necessary consequence, many of the men deserted. Some of the deserters were soon taken; court-martials were called, and the fearful sentence of *seven hundred lashes* pronounced upon them, and but too faithfully executed.

These spectacles, as already hinted, were barbarously severe.

——— The poor, condemned soldiers,
Sad culprits, doomed to cruel torture,
Would sit impatient and inly ruminate
Upon the morning's danger. Their gestures wild,
Pale cheeks, fixed eyes, and trembling hearts,
So changed them, that to our gaze they seemed
Of their former selves but horrid ghosts.

The unhappy wretch, found guilty of the *crime* of desertion from this military tyranny, and condemned to this cruel infliction, was confined under a watchful guard, until the morning specified by his merciless judges for his punishment. The mean while the *triangle* is erected. This is an instrument composed of three poles placed triangularly, and fastened at the top with an iron bolt; it is spread wide enough to fasten the legs and hands of the victim to two of them; a board secured across for the breast to lean upon, completes this instrument of barbarity. On the day of the punishment, the troops in the garrison are marched into the the yard, and formed into a large hollow square. Next comes the trembling criminal, guarded by a file of soldiers and an officer. Upon reaching the triangle they halt, while the adjutant reads the decision and sentence of the court-martial. Then the commanding officer gives the dread command, amid breathless silence, of, "Proceed to punishment!"

Mode of flogging. The cat of nine tails.

The poor deserter is stripped naked to the waist, and his hands and ankles bound firmly to two arms of the triangle; thus stretched, and in a posture somewhat leaning forwards, he awaits the application of the whip. The musicians, with the drum or bugle-major, take their stand behind him in single file. There, too, stands the surgeon of the regiment, whose duty it is to watch the symptoms of the sufferer, and to stop the execution when, in his judgment, he is *able* to endure no more. The bugle-major then orders the musician who stands first in the rank to occupy the post of duty; this he does by laying aside his coat, and by proceeding within one pace of the prisoner. Then, raising his body with a strong, muscular effort, he applies the "cat of nine tails" with all his strength, and with a peculiar whirl brings it to his right again, ready for a second blow. He continues striking about once in four seconds, until he has given twenty-five lashes, when, at the order of the major, who counts the blows, he desists, and his place is supplied by a fresh hand. If any of the executioners do not strike with their utmost force, they themselves are whipped by the major, who is provided with a whip or cane for this purpose.

The "cat of nine tails" is composed of nine separate cords, twisted very hard, and having three knots on each cord at regular distances from the end; sometimes the ends are bound with wire, to increase the pain. The whip is usually about eighteen inches in length, and the stock fifteen, making thirty-three inches in the entire length; and in the hands of a skilful practitioner it is a most severe weapon or instrument of torture.

The effect of this infliction is appalling in the extreme. The first blow forces a deep groan from the hapless culprit; the first twenty-five bring blood; at the close of the first

THE NEW
PUBLIC L
ASTOR, LEN
TILDEN FOUND

MILITARY PUNISHMENT SCENE.

The troops are formed in a line, and the offending soldier is stripped naked to the waist, and his hands and ankles bound firmly to two arms of the triangle to receive his punishment.

P. 105

The culprit after punishment.

hundred the back is literally torn to pieces, and the warm blood runs in copious streams to the ground! Sometimes the sufferer in the most suppliant tones begs for mercy; now his unutterable groans rend the air, and anon he howls for very agony; then he exclaims, like a second Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

Our colonel—hard-hearted man!—used to stand unmoved at these scenes, or, biting his lips, (one of his peculiarities,) walk up and down with apparently no feeling or concern. On the contrary, the troops were usually affected to an astonishing degree. Some of them I have seen faint, and fall lifeless to the earth, while nearly all turned their heads in sorrow.

After the execution, a wet cloth is thrown upon the mangled and blood-stained back of the poor man, and he is conveyed to the hospital, to recover or die, which latter is sometimes the result; indeed, many have been known to die at the whipping-post! and others have had their bodies so torn, that their intestines have appeared from their wounds! O horrid brutality! Where finds it a parallel but among *savages* and *inquisitors!* Alas, for my country! that such cruelty should blot the annals of her fair fame! May it speedily cease from among her children. That the reader may not think I have overdrawn the dark lines of this dark picture, I take the liberty to insert Dr. Adam Clarke's note on the 25th chapter of Deuteronomy, and the 3d verse. "*Forty stripes ye may give him,* AND NOT EXCEED." He says,

"According to God's institution, a criminal may receive forty stripes; not one more! But is the institution from *above*, or *not*, that for any offence sentences a man to receive *three hundred*, yea, a *thousand* stripes? What horrible

Dr. Clarke's note. Secrecy of flogging.

brutality is this! and what a reproach to human nature, and the nation in which such shocking barbarities are exercised and tolerated! Most of the inhabitants of Great Britain have heard of Lord Macartney's embassy to the emperor of China; and they have heard also of its *complete failure;* but they have not heard of the cause. It appears to have been *partly* occasioned by the following circumstance.

"A soldier had been convicted of some petty traffic with one of the natives, and he was sentenced by a court-martial to receive *sixty* lashes! Hear my author: 'The soldiers were drawn up in form in the outer court of the palace where he resided; and the poor culprit, being fastened to one of the pillars of the great portico, received his punishment without mitigation. The abhorrence excited in the breasts of the Chinese at this cruel conduct, as it appeared to them, was demonstrably proved by their words and looks. They expressed their astonishment that a people professing the mildest, the most benevolent religion on earth, as they wished to have it believed, could be guilty of such flagrant inattention to its merciful dictates. One of the principal mandarins, who knew a little English, expressed the general sentiment, "*Englishmen too much cruel, too much bad.*"'"

It should have been remarked, that these punishments were always inflicted within the walls of the barracks; every avenue to the public streets being closed and guarded, to prevent the entrance of the people, and keep from them the knowledge of these insufferable cruelties. No wonder that they were kept thus partially secret; for even a fiend might blush to have it known that he had treated a fellow-fiend so cruelly. Wickedness delights in darkness, and its perpetrators should remember that HELL *is dark,* and there they will have to practice at last.

Hard treatment. Knapsack drill.

Our oppressor continued his severity. Hard drill and harsh treatment for minor offences thinned our ranks every week. To prevent this he confined us all to the barracks; upon which many of the men swore they would desert at the first moment of their liberation from this confinement; and, accordingly, in a short time after, we lost a hundred men by desertion! This wrought the exasperated colonel to the highest pitch of insane anger; he hardly knew how to vent his wrath. One day he gathered us into close rank after parade, and addressed us in a most vituperative and insulting strain, calling us rogues and traitors, and threatening us with the utmost severity if we dared to disobey his orders.

On one occasion I fell under his displeasure. We were on parade, the colonel commanding by means of the bugle. He gave the words, "Disperse and fire!" in a moment we were scattered, when the bugle again sounded—"Assemble and form ranks in double quick." Happening to be somewhat in the rear, the adjutant perceived and struck me with his sword, and took down my name. I attempted to explain, by telling him that, in a skirmish, a soldier had trodden off the heel of my shoe, and so hindered me from running; but he answered me with an oath, pushed me into the ranks, and told me that I should be punished. The next day I was ordered, with a number of others, to "*knapsack drill*;" which consisted in marching and countermarching for hours upon the parade-ground, with our loaded knapsacks upon our backs. The officer in charge of this *knapsack party* was exceedingly vexatious and harassing in his orders; having utterly exhausted our patience, we refused to obey him. When he gave the word "right," or "left turn," we marched in different directions. At last he brought

us to subjection by threatening to "put us under guard;" when considering that the "wisest part of valor is discretion," we quietly submitted the rest of the day; thus of two evils choosing the least, seeing we were compelled to choose one.

To stop these increasing desertions, every precaution was used. We were compelled to answer the roll-call at least four times a day; and if at these times any were missing, preparations were immediately made for their detection and recovery. This made it next to impossible to escape with any reasonable prospect of getting beyond pursuit before our absence should be discovered, unless possessed of some means of rapid travelling. Still, such were our hardships, that numbers, goaded to the attempt by repeated insults and cruelties, dared to risk the danger. Some of them fortunately escaped, but others were overtaken. Among the latter was a young Englishman, named Arnold, who was tried and sentenced to receive seven hundred lashes. When they lashed him to the triangle, he placed a leaden ball between his teeth, and declared he would not ask the remission of his punishment. He kept his word. He uttered neither word, groan, nor prayer during the tremendous infliction. He put on his clothes without assistance, and even taunted the colonel by thanking him for his breakfast. He then walked out of the square, regardless of the word of command, and the brutal officer ordered him back, and made him march out in proper order. The ground, where he was punished, was thickly sprinkled with blood, and the whip was bathed in gore, so much so, that it dropped from the end of the "*cat*." Insufferable brutality!

In the ensuing spring, the unfortunate Arnold made an-

other futile attempt to desert, in company with a comrade, whose name was Dackenhousen, a young German, the pride of our regiment. They failed, through the treachery of a dastardly farmer. They had taken refuge in his barn when he accidentally discovered them. He promised to keep their hiding-place a secret, until they should escape; instead of which, he gave immediate information to the officers. A guard was sent for their apprehension, and the unfortunates were brought back to the barracks. The wretch, who informed against them, received thirty dollars for his unmanly act. It is hoped that they proved to be *thirty thorns* in his *heart*.

Arnold was kept closely confined, chained to a heavy ball, while his case was laid before His Majesty's government in England. He was sentenced to transportation for life! Dackenhousen was put in confinement, to await his trial for desertion. Fearful of the fate that awaited him, he one night, when the guard was asleep, passed the first sentinel at the guard-room door; rushed across the barrack-yard, passed another sentinel at the gate, and escaped.

Thus he passed two armed soldiers and opened two gates without detection—an act of no ordinary daring. The young soldier on guard at the guard-room door said, that though fully aware of the fact, he was deprived of all power to speak or act. The next morning a number of detachments were sent in pursuit with loaded rifles, and orders to take him "*dead or alive!*" After several days' search, they returned without their prey. He escaped to the United States; from whence he wrote back to his comrades, inviting them all to follow him; and I verily believe, that, had it not been for *fear* of detection, the whole regiment would have accepted the invitation.

Mental afflictions. Moral state.

For my own part, I was heartily sick of so toilsome a life, but the cruel punishments I had witnessed, and which to me appeared worse than death, deterred me from attempting desertion. To be *resigned* to my condition was to me equally impossible, especially as I had learned that my regiment, for some cause or other, was a condemned corps. This of course rendered its return to England highly improbable, so that my hopes of seeing my parents, as well as the deep disgrace of belonging to a transported regiment, heightened my uneasiness and increased my disaffection: and should the regiment return, I should still be the subject of the evils of a soldier's life.

To increase my misery, I received no communications from my dear parents, though I had frequently written to them. I supposed that, indignant at my disobedience, they had determined to leave me to plod my way through life unpitied and alone. These united causes created a mighty tumult of emotion in my mind, which well nigh hurried me into that depthless vortex of human ruin, dissipation, which the wily tempter of mankind suggested would afford relief, or at least a mitigation of my sorrows. But, blessed be the God of my salvation, I was saved from this fatal step—my mind was mysteriously directed to the great Author of all good, for succor and strength. Often in the darkness of night, I have poured out my griefs to God, and made known my complaints to the only efficient friend of the helpless children of men. Still I was little better than a heathen; knowing little else of religion but the form. Blessed be God for his restraining grace, that kept me in these hours of ignorance and danger.

To divert my mind as much as possible, I devoted my little leisure to the acquirement of knowledge, attending a

A friend. His advice.

school part of the time, and studying drawing and music the remainder. My comrade, Henry Apple, a German of middle age and good attainments assisted me materially in these pursuits. His regard for me was strong and sincere; he gave me the advice of a parent, and delighted to speak of me as his son. To him I related the history of my parentage and travels. He strongly advised me to desert, alleging that I could expect nothing but misery while I remained in the army. We should have deserted together, had it not been that the time for which he enlisted was nearly expired.

Notwithstanding his advice, I continued to endure my troubles. I formed a plan to obtain my discharge by saving my wages. This required *twenty pounds* sterling. My pay amounted to but one shilling and one penny per diem, out of which I had to purchase several articles of food and clothing. To further my design, I gave up my allowance of *grog*, and received its equivalent in money. But with economy, I could not succeed in saving more than six shillings per month; at which rate, it would have taken six years to accomplish my object. I soon found, however that I must debar myself of the means of acquiring knowledge, or, sparing a pittance for this, I must toil at least twelve years before I could be free. This, with other difficulties which stood in my way, caused me to lay aside my plan as impractible.

My next effort was directed towards obtaining admission into the band of musicians; and with this view, I diligently persevered in my musical studies; hoping thereby to attract the attention of the officers, and gain my object. Just as I began to make considerable progress, I was sent for by Captain Pierce, to act as his servant—a situation which

at first seemed to promise me some amelioration of condition. But I soon found that it was but another *form* of a soldier's life, full of bitterness and discomfort. My tasks were arduous and difficult, and my rest continually broken by sitting up until a late hour for my master, who seldom returned from his revels until midnight; or else he had company at home, where, regardless of the claims of morality and religion, they would carouse and gamble, noisy as bedlamites, until a late hour.

The captain possessed a taste for show, that led him to spare neither pains nor expense for the attainment of any object of desire; he required the nicest attention to his wishes, which I endeavored to meet with the utmost promptitude and carefulness, except that I made but an indifferent *cook;* this frequently brought me into trouble, as I had to prepare his breakfast every morning, and occasionally a supper for his guests. One day he gave me a beef's tongue to prepare in a particular manner for his breakfast the following morning. With great care, the tongue was prepared and placed in the oven, where, through my forgetfulness, it remained all night, and a large fire having been kept under it, it was actually baked to a cinder. Afraid to vex him by not placing it on the table, I cut off the burnt parts until it was so reduced in size and altered in shape, that I felt ashamed to put it before him. But there was no alternative; so, placing it on the table, I retired to watch the motions of its astonished consumer; he eyed it with wonder and surprise, and seemed unable to divine its nature; so calling me in, he drew from me a confused account of my *harsh cooking;* seeing my confusion and sorrow, he passed over my offence with a slight reprimand.

On another occasion, having to make ready a sumptuous

repast for the entertainment of a large party, my helpmate and I had spread the table with its various luxuries. Among other things, were two richly dressed fowls. Happening to leave the room a moment, we were surprised on our return, to find one of them in the possession of a huge cat, which had dragged it from the table to the floor, and was hastily tearing it to pieces. Here was an embarrassment: should we throw it away, we should incur censure or punishment, and probably both; so we cleaned it in the best possible manner, and placed it on the table, trembling during the whole supper-time for fear. Happily for us, the fowls were not touched, and so we escaped.

These simple facts are not related for any importance they possess in themselves, but merely to acquaint the reader, in some measure, with the painful state of mind which is produced by being under *despotic* authority, like that possessed by the officers in the British army, and as was exercised by my master; it originates in a degrading, slavish fear—a fear which, while it produces the misery of its subject, directly demonstrates the depravity of mankind; for, were men upright and pure, this unhappy state of mind would neither be caused by tyranny, nor felt by the crushed; inasmuch as the tyrant and the oppressed would alike be unknown. How destructive is such a fear to the dignity and peace of human nature! It cramps its energies, paralyzes its powers, and mildews its principles of peace and liberty.

Circumstances like these kept my mind in a state of continual excitement and slavish fear: and although I labored with the utmost diligence to obey the commands of my master, their rigidity was not relaxed, nor his aristocratic haughtiness diminished. Besides this, he allowed me no com-

Determines to desert.

pensation for my services, above my pay and rations as a soldier. These I received from the barracks; so that my duties, though different in form, were as irksome in degree as before. Seeing, therefore, but little probability of obtaining any mitigation of my condition, and no prospect of being freed from my military servitude but by death, I at last resolved to escape, and risk the consequences of desertion, for the probability of *liberty* and comfort in *civil* society.

There was at that season of the year, the month of February, a vast amount of travel to the United States. This fact filled me with the hope of being able to obtain the means of escape from some one of the numerous travellers engaged in commercial pursuits. But upon reflection it appeared the safest mode to trust no one with my fate; as like my comrades before mentioned, I might be betrayed.

About this time my comrade, Henry Apple, received his discharge, and left, with a light heart, the scenes of his sorrow and his toil. His departure raised my determination to its highest pitch, and I commenced preparations for my immediate escape. My plans, however, were of the most unjustifiable kind. I intended to take a complete private dress from my master's wardrobe, and make off upon a horse belonging to Lieutenant Colonel Rumple, who lived under the same roof with my master; and to supply myself with funds, I resolved to purloin a small sum from one of the officers. Such was my wicked resolve, though my conscience seriously contested the matter with my understanding. I silenced it, however, by pleading the example of two of my fellow-soldiers, who a short time previous had deserted; the one in a full uniform of his master's, the other in his servant's dress. Thus accoutred, they made off in a horse and sleigh, and passing for a military officer and his servant,

Unjustifiable intentions. Prepares to desert.

they escaped. This, however, was a poor defence for dishonesty. There was a sad want of adherence to principle in all this, and no excuse is offered to defend it; it was unqualifiedly, wholly, totally wrong. At the time, however, it seemed to me that I was justified in taking any thing from men who took every comfort away from me; and as to the horse, I firmly resolved to leave it, when I reached the United States, in some place of safety, and then inform the Colonel, by letter, where he might find him. But stern morality and true religion know of no such excuses. RIGHT is RIGHT, and ought not to be violated for any consideration whatever—no, not even to save life. Death is preferable to crime; and he who dies for virtue and duty gains honor from the great Author of his existence, which transcends, to an infinite degree, the trifling, temporary advantages that sometimes flow from crime.

The day arrived in which my project was to be executed. If I succeeded, a happy deliverance from my numerous troubles awaited me; if I failed, a deeper misery was my certain destiny. Early in the evening, the Captain and Colonel Rumple went, in company, to participate in the pleasures of a splendid ball. Having impatiently waited to hear the *tattoo* sounded, which called every soldier to the barracks, I prepared to make my exit. At this crisis I was unexpectedly interupted by the entrance of Colonel R.'s servant, who, from my confusion and occupation at the moment, evidently suspected my design. He tried to coax me into the servants' room, where, with the assistance of his companion, he probably designed to secure me. At least I thought so, as I knew he could perceive my design; so I made him an evasive reply, and he left the room. Watching him as he retired, it was pretty evident to me that he

was about to make his way to the guard, to report me as a deserter; knowing that he had evidence in my preparation sufficient to convict me, there was no alternative left but to attempt my escape, or stay and receive a deserter's punishment.

That was the decicive moment, and I *felt* it; and although I had not supplied myself with a change of dress from my master's wardrobe, nor even secured an outer garment, yet I rushed from the house into the stable, saddled and mounted the horse, and in a few moments I was galloping past the barracks, where were the sentinels at their posts, and the guard in the guard-room. Unsuspected I hurried past, and soon left master and troops far in the rear.

But though I had escaped the soldiery, I met another powerful and cruel adversary—the unpitying, unrelenting *cold*. My dress was totally unfit for such a night-journey amid the snows of a Canada winter; it consisted of only a pair of woolen regimental pantaloons and vest, a light, thin fustian jacket, a hat, and thin calf-skin shoes. Before I had proceeded many miles, in spite of my utmost exertion, those parts of my person most exposed became stiff and frozen. Sometimes I put my hands (for I had no mittens or gloves) under the saddle, and pressed my feet close to my horse's sides; then I dismounted and ran, but every expedient was alike vain; the cold was intense; my feet and ears were past all feeling; and though I thrashed and rubbed the affected parts, they grew worse and worse, until I thought I should actually freeze to death. To seek shelter for the night I dared not for fear of detection, and to stay out was death. At last, having lost my way, I came to a house which appeared to have a brisk fire burning within. I approached, stopped my horse, and after peeping through

ESCAPE FROM THE ARMY.

I hastened the horse to gain relief from suffering, but seeing two men approach the door armed with muskets, I rode off at full speed. P. 102

The country tavern.

the window, gave a loud *halloo*, at the same time putting my horse in a position to gallop off, should there be any appearance of danger; but seeing two men approach the door armed with muskets, and fearing that they were some of those unfeeling, unprincipled characters, who make it a part of their business to look out for deserters, my fears took alarm, and I rode off at full speed.

Filled with fear, and harrassed with alarm, I drove my horse very hard, until he became so jaded that he could hardly be forced out of a walk. Daylight at last appeared, and ended the most painful night I ever experienced. Upon inquiring of a man whom I met, he told me it was forty miles to Montreal, and about an equal distance to the borders of the United States. This assurance, and the fact that I was in a by-road, encouraged me to seek rest and refreshment, of which I stood in perishing need; indeed, I doubt not but that a few hours longer of exposure would have put an end to my existence, and I should have perished on the road. Accordingly, coming to a tavern, I gave my horse into the keeping of the ostler, and staggered with much difficulty into the house, my limbs all stiffened, and my physical powers benumbed. Seating myself by the fire I fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was soon awakened by the most excruciating pains, occasioned by the action of the fire upon my frozen extremities. Upon removing my shoes, my feet presented a most pitiable appearance, being almost entirely covered with blisters, so painful that I could not place my feet to the ground without wringing out an unwilling groan. The family gathered round me, not to administer to my necessities, but to gratify an ignoble curiosity, which seemed to have no higher end than to rid themselves of what they feared, from my appearance,

A suspcious party. The cunning landlord.

might become a troublesome burden to them. They began by expressing their surprise at my unseasonable dress, and at my travelling in the night, and so far, as from my looks they supposed I had. To these vexatious questions I replied in what I conceived to be the best possible way to avoid suspicion, but in vain; the landlord doubted my veracity, and sent for several neighboring gentlemen who examined me very closely. By this time my pain had so increased that I became almost insensible, and answered their questions very incoherently. One of them asking me from whence I came, I thoughtlessly but truly replied, "From Montreal."

"From Montreal!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once, "then he is a deserter."

"I thought so from his appearance," said one of the tavern gossips who had just stepped in for his morning's libation; "he looks plaguy much like a soldier."

These suspicions alarmed me, and shaking off my stupor, I plead my case so eloquently, that most of them were satisfied that I was not a deserter; and they went away expressing their belief in my innocence. Not so, however, with the avaricious landlord; he fixed his hawkish eye upon me, and asked,

"Are you willing to go back to St. John's with me, where I can enquire if such a lad as you has lately deserted?"

To produce an impression of my innocency, I readily replied, "Yes, sir, I am perfectly willing, provided you will bring me back to this place free of expense."

"That I will do," said he, with a most cunning expression of countenance, "if I find you are no deserter."

This was a death blow to all my hopes. To be carried to St. John's was to be detected, for a company belonging to

my regiment was stationed there. Already I felt that I was restored to my tyrants, the helpless victim of their heated wrath. To escape was impossible, as I could not move without assistance. O, what were the feelings of my young heart in that hour of sadness! To conceive them, the reader must fancy himself in my situation. Imagine yourself a poor, destitute stranger, your limbs all sore and blistered, a deserter from the army, in the hands of a cruel, hard-hearted man, about to deliver you up to your regiment, where the punishment—the bloody and barbarous punishment—of the "*cat*," and perhaps death itself, awaited you. Imagine all this, and you will have a faint idea of the agonies of my afflicted and bleeding heart.

Perhaps it may be well to explain the cause of this landlord's anxiety about my relation to the army. It was not that he cared for the interests of the army; but he knew, if I were a deserter, and he could be the means of my being delivered up, that a reward of *thirty dollars* would pay him for his pains. To gain this was the object of his ambition. For this pittance he was willing to expose me to the most shameful of all punishments. Surely, there was no flesh in his obdurate heart. How strong was his love of money! It triumphed over his humanity, his feelings, his sympathies. But he stands not alone. Thousands are ruled by this earthly god—Mammon. At this shrine they are ready to sacrifice every thing, even to the immolation of a human being. "O, how deceitful, how deeply damning is the love of money! Well might the heathen exclaim, while contemplating the grave of one who was murdered for his wealth, 'O, cursed lust of gold! what wilt thou not induce the human heart to perpetrate?' Judas is deservedly considered as one of the most infamous of men; his conduct

base beyond description, and his motives vile. But alas! how many, who censure his act, imitate him in their lives! How many sell their souls for a less sum! Ho, ye Judases, read your doom; learn your danger, when you hear the apostle telling you from God, that 'no unrighteous man, nor covetous, shall enter into the kingdom of God,' From so great a curse may God save every *money-loving, honor-hunting, pleasure-taking,* thoughtless, godless man."

After partaking of some refreshment, the landlord conveyed me to St. John's, where we arrived at two o'clock, P. M. He took me to an inn, and placed me in charge of its owner, while he proceeded to make inquiries. He soon obtained the (to him pleasing) information that I was a deserter, and that detachments of troops were busy scouring the country in pursuit of me. The fact of my detention he soon communicated to the officers of the company, and they immediately sent a file of soldiers to arrest me; in a few minutes I was in close confinement in the guard-house—an arrested deserter. My captor received his reward, and went home rejoicing in his fiendish success; he had been the means of restoring a miserable youth to the dominion of tyrants, and of exposing him to the infliction of the most cruel and ignominious punishment that a man can bear; but no matter, *he had gained thirty dollars!* The reader will no doubt see room to cast some censure upon myself, from want of candor and for my attempt to deceive. No defence of this conduct will be pretended; it was another great *erratum* in my life. Truth should be dearer than life, and I ought to have maintained a strict silence concerning my character and destination, or else have thrown myself upon their clemency by a frank confession of my condition and designs; in either case, I should have certainly fared as

well as I did by duplicity, and possibly better, for God might have honored my adherence to truth by softening the hearts of my captors, and disposing them to facilitate my escape. But I foolishly followed the wisdom of the carnal heart, and God justly turned it into foolishness; he destroyed my plans, despite of my cunning; but, blessed be his name, I am still the gainer; for it has taught me, in my more experienced years, to place a just estimate on *truth* and falsehood. He, who adheres to *truth* at the expense of all beside that's earthly, is still the gainer, for

> "Every liar shall his portion have,
> Among the cursed without the gates of life."

The soldiers of the company treated me with much kindness and sympathy. The lieutenant, who commanded the station, also visited me in my wretchednes; his aspect was mild and pitiful, and his language kind; upon retiring he sent me some food from his own table—a relief that came very opportunely to meet my crying necessities. These acts of kindness were the more necessary, inasmuch as, by reason of my frozen condition, I was unable to help myself; they were equally unexpected, and I thought that even a soldier's life might be made tolerable with such officers as the one I saw, and that my fate might be more mild if it rested in the hands of such men; instead of which, I was soon to be in the power of men of hard hearts and tyrannizing spirits, who thought no punishment too severe for those who had violated their lordly commands. At night, the soldiers, seeing my destitution of clothing, spread their great coats out for my bed, and the lieutenant sent me an article or two of bedding. Then I strove to compose my pained body, and also to calm the perturbation

Is carried a prisoner to Montreal. Astonishment of comrades.

of my mind, which was on the rack of dark and sorrowful anticipation.

——— ——— ——— thus
Musing o'er sorrow's fount, silent
I gazed upon the gloomy past;
Till, worn with watching, I sought the aid
Of gentle sleep. I slept, and felt refreshed.

The morning's dawn witnessed busy preparations for my conveyance back to Montreal; and immediately after breakfast I received orders to be ready for the journey. Having wrapped my feet in some rags, and drawn on some old stocking legs to serve me for shoes, I borrowed a soldier's outside coat, and then taking my shoes in my hand, my preparations were completed. About 8 o'clock they marched me to the stage office, between a file of guard, armed with drawn swords; this short walk I performed with the utmost difficulty, my feet being so extremely sore.

The guard and myself were soon seated in the stage, and we proceeded on our journey, which was almost as painful as that of the fatal night of my desertion, in consequence of the cold striking to all the frozen parts, and producing the most agonizing sensations. Nor was my mind less pained than my body; as we drew near the scene of my trial and future afflictions, it seemed to me like an entrance within the bloody walls of the Spanish inquisition; for I expected no more mercy than the poor, ill-fated *heretic* who falls under the fierce wrath of those earthly fiends, who torment their victims in those dark and doleful cells. When we arrived at Montreal, I was unable to walk; so they placed me on a lumber sled, and carried me from the stage to the barracks, about a mile in distance. One of my particular friends happened to stand sentry at the gate; at my approach he

Committed to the main guard.

turned ghastly pale, and, as if thunderstruck, he could not utter a word, so strong was his emotion at beholding my condition. I was soon placed in the guard-room, a prisoner under strong guard. Here, the adjutant visited me in a few moments, expressing his surprise at seeing me, as they had not heard of my detection until my sudden arrival among them. He informed me that my crime was one of high magnitude; that it was *unpardonable;* that, standing charged with two crimes, desertion and horse-stealing, my punishment would in all probability be DEATH!

My case was soon reported to the commanding officer, Colonel Andrews, who made out an order for my immediate commitment to the *main* guard; to this place I was immediately marched, hand-cuffed, and guarded by a strong detachment with drawn swords. A large number of my anxious comrades followed in our rear, drawn together by curiosity or sympathy, to witness my incarceration. Knowing that none but the very worst of characters, the most desperate cases, were consigned to this wretched place, it was to me as the signing of my death-warrant.

My new abode was the very perfection of misery. It contained nothing cheering to a prisoner's desponding heart. Here I was left without companions or fire, my limbs yet sore and stiff, to await a trial that, perchance, might consign me to a shameful and premature grave. How often and how deeply did I sigh over the remembrance of the checkered past! and, as I turned my chafed and agonized limbs in vain attempts to rest on the hard floor of my dungeon, the warm tear-stream rolled freely down my cheeks—the outward demonstrations of the inward grief I felt for the folly of my earlier days. O, how I wished that I had been obedient to my parents' wishes; that I had been contented

to await their pleasure, and follow the direction of their lips. But these were fruitless sorrows; they undid nothing; they merely afforded momentary relief to my pent up feelings.

Low as I had fallen, Providence did not cease to watch for my weal, but raised up for me an unexpected friend, whose intercessions procured me some slight mitigation of my troubles. That friend was Lady Fitzgerald, who, hearing of my situation and of my youth, obtained the removal of my handcuffs, and permission for me to sleep in the guard-room; also the privilege of warming myself by the fire during the day. The doctor of the regiment, too, paid me a visit, and examined my wounds; but his good intentions were frustrated by the harsh and bungling manner of the servant whom he sent to dress my limbs. He handled me as if I were a brute, and caused me more pain than relief—an evil I was compelled to submit to with all patience.

Captain Pierce, my offended master, was my next visitor. He came, bearing a countenance whose workings bespoke an angry soul within. He saluted me with the most impious threats and awful imprecations imaginable; which, had he been able to execute them, would have chained me to the lowest abyss of hell. Of these I thought that they were but noisy breath. Said he, "I have not the least pity for you; you may expect that no mercy shall be shown you;" and then, uttering a fearful oath, he added, "You shall suffer *death*, you villain, that you may be held up as a warning to others; and had I overtaken you on the night of your desertion, I would have *shot you dead on the spot!!*"

After this most *Christian* and *manly* exhibition of his inward feelings, this *courageous* soldier left me to my prison and my reflections. O, what may not such tyrannic monsters expect, when God comes to judgment!

A providential mistake.

Proud tyrants, tremble! for a weight of woe
Hangs in dark storm-clouds of tremendous ire
O'er your devoted souls. Black! black with dismal wrath
It spreads its awful gloom around your heads,
Soon, *soon* to burst. Then, horrible confusion!
Dismay unutterable! keen anguish, and vengeance
Such as beings infinite inflict,
Shall fill your reeking hearts. The piercing cries
Of beings immolated by your lordly hands,
Shall howl confusion in your frighted ears,
And writhe your souls with everlasting woe!

It is a cheering thought, that the designs of men are often happily prevented by the interposition of Divine Providence, whose overruling arm is ever stretched forth for the accomplishment of its own designs of forbearance towards guilty man; of this my experience affords a striking illustration. After my departure, on the night of my desertion, the servant, as I suspected, hastened away to give the alarm; instead of going to the guard-room, he went first to my master at the ball; this gave me sufficient time to elude their pursuit that night; had he gone direct to the guard-room, it is probable my route would have been discovered; and, as the soldiers pursued me with loaded rifles and pistols, it is more than probable they would have shot me. That slight misstep of the servant rescued me from death, and gave me subsequent time for repentence. Thus I have abundant reason to praise Almighty God for his goodness in so ordering an apparently trival event, that it became the means of saving my life, and also of saving my immortal soul; for had I perished then, I should have *perished* indeed. My soul, all stained with its unpardoned offences, would have sunk deep in perdition's depths,

"To wail, to weep, and die!"

Removal from the main guard. Carried to jail. A miserable company.

After remaining for several days imprisoned in the "main guard," enduring intense agony of both body and mind, I was informed of the intention of the officers to commit me to the city prison. Soon after this intelligence, a non-commissioned officer and two privates brought me my clothes, and said it was their orders to conduct me to the civil prison. The reason assigned for this was, that the military law could take no cognizance of horse-stealing; consequently, I was to be delivered up to the civil magistrate for trial and punishment, and then, if my penalty *were less than death*, after it was endured, I was recognizable for the act of desertion.

At first, the thought of this change raised a gleam of hope; but an after-thought restored all my former gloom. The British law, at that time, punished horse-stealing with death. But even here was some small relief; for who would not prefer death to the ignoble and debasing infliction of the bloody lash? Still I felt my whole soul painfully exercised when I was ushered into the cold, damp prison of Montreal. The harsh grating of the heavy iron doors, the massive iron bolts and bars that secured them, and the sombre, dungeon-like aspect of the whole building, struck an indefinable chill over my shrinking frame; but there was no retreat.

My companions in this abode of crime were of the lowest order, the very *debris* of society, who seemed, by long continuance in crime, to have almost blotted out their humanity, and to have received the image of the arch-fiend himself in its stead. Here I endured hunger and privation without relief, until my heretofore robust frame began to yield under its accumulated deprivations, and threatened a speedy close to my sorrows by dissolution. As it was, it produced a weakness which the lapse of many years did not

wholly remove. At last, I made an appeal to the liberality of my regiment. They, with true nobility of soul, commenced a subscription for my relief; but the captain, hearing of their intention, meanly forbade their raising a single copper. Thus, with inconceivable littleness of soul, did this malicious man carry out his threat, "that I should be shown no mercy at all."

Again, however, despite the malice of my master, did an ever-watchful Providence raise me up a friend in my hour of extremity. Mr Weidenbecker, a gentleman who knew me when I was Captain Pierce's servant, had, at that time, formed a favorable opinion of my character, and conceived a strong personal attachment for me. He discovered the true reason of my indiscretion; he traced my apparent crime to a hatred of despotism, rather than to a wantonness of character, or a depravation of moral principle; and, while he was decided in his condemnation of the crime itself, yet he was rather disposed to pity than to condemn. From him I received occasional supplies of food, as also from other persons, whom he interested in my behalf. He promised to secure me all necessary assistance, and to testify to my previous character at my trial, which was expected to come on the ensuing spring. These tokens of friendship were well adapted to afford me comfort, and to ameliorate my condition; but, notwithstanding all these helps, I had much to endure, and much to suffer.

As I recovered from my lameness, I turned my mind to reading and study, especially to music. The latter study, however, was soon forbidden by the jailer, who had a strange distaste for all kinds of music; but, being a pious man, he supplied me with an abundance of religious books, to the reading of which I applied with persevering industry. In this

way I formed a taste for reading and study, which has remained with me ever since, and which has been of peculiar advantage. Thus from the most discouraging parts of human experience fruits are sometimes plucked which prove to be the most rich and profitable of our whole lives.

While my studious habits pleased the jailer, they excited the indignation of my fellow-prisoners, who, in consequence, treated me so rudely that I was compelled to petition for a removal to a separate apartment. To this request the jailer kindly consented, and gave me a pleasant room in the front part of the prison, where I had a full view of the street and market-place.

As the time of my trial approached, I became extremely impatient, my mind being continually on the rack of torturing suspense concerning my destiny. But the time came, and my accusers did not appear. My case was deferred for six months, the time for the sitting of the next court. Thus I was left to be the prey of doubt, uncertainty, and anxiety, through that long period of time, Shortly after the postponement of my trial, my regiment was removed to Kingsten, Upper Canada. This fact inspired me with a short-lived hope that my accusers would fail to appear against me at the next session of the court, and that I should be kept until its third sitting, and then, through absence and default of witnesses, be set free. Foolish thought! My cruel prosecutors only neglected to appear at the first court, in order to prolong my imprisonment, and increase my suspense and suffering. Such mode of revenge bespeaks the ineffable meanness of their minds; *gentlemen* would have scorned such low malice; it was unworthy of their profession and standing in society. But how few are to be judged of by their profession! Many a fool wears a gown, and many a coward carries a sword.

The trial.

Previous to the approach of the next court, I addressed a note to a celebrated counsellor in the city, who visited me, and promised to become my advocate. I also prepared an address to the court soliciting its compassion. At last, the court sat; my accusers arrived; and, escorted by a strong guard of constables, I was placed at the bar. The solemnity of the scene, the importance of my case, and the haughty bearing of my accusers, overwhelmed me with confusion, and I almost fell to the ground. I was asked the question, after the reading of the charges, "Guilty, or not guilty?"

With a faltering voice, I responded, "Not guilty."

For some cause or other, it was determined to defer my trial until the next day, and I was ordered back to prison.

This seasonable delay afforded me leisure to fortify my mind, and to recover from my confusion. The next day I entered the court with more firmness of feeling and of manner. The court was crowded to excess, many persons being attracted thither on account of my youth, and a deep and thrilling interest was manifested through every part of my trial. When the jury was impanelled, I took care to challenge all whose countenances were not indicative of youth and sympathy, thinking that those who were in the prime of life would feel more interested in my behalf, and decide under the blended dictates of mercy and justice. Once I was confused, when the lawyer who was to plead my case suddenly went out of court, and left me to the mercy of my prosecutors; but the jailor, seeing my distress, whispered to me to address the court for an advocate, which I did, and gained my request.

The landlord who apprehended me was one of the principal witnesses, but he was so altered I scarcely knew him. A deathlike paleness overspread his cheeks; and, as I af-

terwards learned, he died soon after my trial. An hour passed and all the testimony was given in; after my counsel had eloquently pleaded my case, the jury received their charge, and retired. After a few minutes' conversation, they returned their verdict of guilty, accompanied with a *strong recommendation for mercy.*

This terrible announcement, though expected, fell upon my mind with great weight of alarm and terror. All my hopes were built on the last words of the verdict: "We recommend him for mercy." These words rang in my ears like the soft symphonies of hope amid the thunders of despair. Still I was pained, and I trembled like the quivering aspen. My lawyer observing my emotion, came to me at the bar, and said, much to my encouragement,

"Young man you need not fear death, for the jury have done an act, in recommending you for mercy, which will, in spite of all opposition, prove your salvation. No doubt you will receive sentence of death; put don't despond, for it will not be executed; but, in the course of a short time, you will be reprieved, and will probably have to suffer one or two years' imprisonment, as the governor may determine."

He then administered a word or two of advice, and left me with my hearty thanks for his services, which were all I had to bestow. I was then remanded to prison.

The session of the court lasted several days, on account of the number of commitments. It resulted in the conviction of nine prisoners for capital crimes, besides many others for petty offences and misdemeanors. At the close of the court, myself and eight others were brought up to receive sentence from the judge. To describe the scene on that occasion is a task which my pen is not able to perform. Then, every man's strength failed him; every countenance

CONDEMNATION TO DEATH.

After my condemnation my friend M^r H., in company with another gentleman came to visit me and presented a petition for my signature P.H.B.

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Receives sentence of death. Petition for mercy.

betrayed the secret workings of the heart; every fountain of sorrow was opened, and found vent in floods of tears; the stout-hearted trembled, and wished he had never been born. There we stood, in a long mournful line, before the judge; not a word or whisper was heard throughout the court-house; all was still as death. The judge first inquired if we had any request to make. In reply, we all fell upon our knees, and sued most imploringly for pardon; to which he briefly replied,

"It cannot be granted you."

The senior judge then arose, and, with much solemnity of manner, pronounced sentence of death upon us in the following words:—

"The sentence of the court is, that you shall be taken back to the place from whence you came, and from thence, in four weeks, be conveyed to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God Almighty have mercy on your souls."

Notwithstanding I had but little apprehension of suffering this dreadful sentence, yet I could not hear it so solemnly pronounced upon me without the most heart-sickening sensations. True, I affected indifference, but a deathish weight hung round my heart; my blood involuntarily chilled as it coursed along its channels, and I could not, with my mightiest effort, shake off my fears. After hearing this sentence, we were conducted to the prison, loaded with irons, and thrown into the condemned cells, to which none were admitted but the clergy and those who had business of the highest importance with the prisoners.

On the third day after my condemnation, my friend, Mr. Weidenbecker, in company with another gentleman, came to visit me. They suggested the propriety of petitioning

his excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, the governor, for my reprieve, and offered to prepare it for me. Of course, I gave my assent; and, the next day, Mr. W. returned with a petition very ably drawn up, for my signature. After I had signed it, he added his own name; and, after obtaining the signatures of the jurors who sat at my trial, he forwarded it to the governor. Such was the benevolence of this gentleman, and such his strong attachment to me, that I shall ever remember his name with gratitude. His was a love which approached the nearest to disinterestedness of any thing I ever knew. He unexpectedly became my friend in the gloomy hour of my adversity, and his friendship remained inviolable. What acquisition so precious as that of a true friend?

——————— "Nought is seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day. And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,
My early friends—friends of my evil day,
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too,
Friends given by God, in mercy and in love."

As it may not be disagreeable to the reader, I will give a brief description of the character and feelings of my fellow-prisoners while under condemnation, and in expectation of a speedy and violent death. Seven of our number were Roman Catholics, natives of Canada, except one, who was a South American. These, in the early part of their confinement, were extremely profane and disgusting in their manners and conversation—a consequence, however, which

very naturally followed from the faith they professed. If they sinned, they found a ready *salvo* for a guilty conscience in confession to a priest, who, poor man! pretended to forgive them offences committed against the holy and infinite Jehovah. The other was a Protestant, a mulatto, from the United States, whose demeanor was more serious and consistent. We were visited daily by Catholic priests, to whom their adherents paid great reverence and attention. A clergyman of the Church of England labored among us daily, striving to instruct us in the wisdom of the gospel, and to impress our minds with the importance of obedience to its precepts. But we understood little about the vitality of religion, or of its operation upon the heart. For my own part, although I had received some knowledge of God in my early life, yet I had supposed that a strict attention to morality was all the Bible required. True, I knew that the blessed Jesus had suffered death; but for what, or for whom, I scarcely knew. Hence, when questioned about faith and repentance, my answers only served to expose my utter ignorance of the subject. This discovery of our moral blindness led the clergyman to spare no efforts, time, or pains to pour instruction into our dark and benighted minds, seriously and earnestly exhorting us to attend to the salvation of our precious souls. He pointed out the true and living *way*, with simplicity and affection, and engaged in the most fervent prayer for Jehovah's blessing upon his labors.

This faithful application of divine truth produced many serious reflections upon death, sin, and my own personal guilt; but, except this, it produced no immediate practical effect, though it proved to be the foundation of my subsequent conversion to God. His labors, however, were not lost upon the more tender mind of the mulatto; he became pow-

erfully convicted, and, beginning to call on God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, he soon found a present and glorious salvation in the Redeemer's precious blood. During the remainder of his short existence, he gave the most undeniable evidences of the soundness of his conversion; truly, he was a "brand plucked out of the fire."

While under sentence of death, I received a letter from Mr. Apple, my former comrade, who, as the reader will remember, had recently obtained his discharge.

His simple and friendly communication came very opportunely, and produced a favorable effect upon my mind. My heart was sinking at the wretchedness of my fellow-prisoners, whose terrors increased daily, as the time of their execution approached. Their solemn and intense preparation to meet their awful fate; the perfect security of our place of confinement; but, above all, their deep groans in the night season, occasioned by their terrific dreams, were causes powerful enough to disturb the peace of one in the possession of liberty—much more of one who was by no means certain that he would not die a culprit's death. The receipt of this letter, therefore, was a cordial to a fainting spirit; it cheered and sustained me by awakening the pleasing inspirations of hope in my desponding bosom. Those who have been distressed know how to appreciate a kind epistle. It comes a messenger of good, and is prized as a stream of water by the thirsty Arab of the burning desert.

At length, the jailer entered our cell, bringing me the welcome news of my reprieve, and promising me that my irons should be taken off, and my lodgings changed, the next day. This intelligence made me rejoice without limitation or degree; and, notwithstanding my irons, I paced the cell in exultation, and scarcely felt their weight. The same

evening, the jailer removed me to another room, and I was no more disturbed with the prisoners' melancholy groans, though I slept but little that night for joy. In the morning, my irons were removed, and I took possession of my old apartment opposite the public market. The joy I now felt beggars my powers of description; had I been wholly liberated, I could scarcely have felt more. At this distant moment, I feel sentiments of devotional gratitude to God for his goodness and mercy in delivering me from my exposure to an ignominious death. And my humble prayer to Almighty God is, that the young reader, seeing the evil and danger of criminal conduct, may be persuaded to walk in the path of virtue and true happiness. To that path Religion points, with mild and loving aspect; follow her directions, dear young reader, and you will escape suffering and disgrace, here and hereafter, and gain a brilliant crown of immortality and bliss.

CHAPTER VI.

"Is this the place our forefathers made for man."

A FEW days after my reprieve, the death-warrant for the execution of one of the Canadians and the mulatto was received; the remainder of the prisoners were reprieved, and brought into my apartment to wait the governor's pleasure: where we rejoiced together in great glee. But, in the midst of our joy, one of our number was thrown back into the deepest despondency by the entrance of the jailor, who informed him that *his* death-warrant had arrived, and that he must be conducted back to the condemned cell to await his execution with the other two. What a sudden and agonizing change was this! the more painful because of the momentary deliverance which had gleamed like a star of night upon his spirit. The poor fellow's countenance fell: he wrung his hands in agony, and gave vent to his feelings in accents of deep and piteous despair.

We all sympathized in his distress; and, amid our tears and affectionate farewells, he was conducted back to his doomed abode, to join his companions in death. The night previous to their execution, we were permitted to pay them a visit. We found them, chained and handcuffed, sitting on their iron bedsteads, engaged in acts of devotion. They talked feelingly and freely about their views and prospects. One of them remarked, with great solemnity of manner and expression.

"I have been looking from my grated window, watching

the sun; I have seen it set for the last time, and before his next setting I shall be in eternity;" then, pausing to wipe away the falling tear, he added, "I am willing to suffer, for I have an evidence that my sins are all forgiven, and that through the merits of Jesus Christ I shall be saved."

The mulatto was equally composed and submissive; his mind seemed to be scripturally at rest; he said little except in answer to our questions. Our visit was a solemn one; it was an effective school, in which to learn the awful results of crime. Here were three, whose breaches of the laws of God and man had reduced them to the prison-house of death; a few hours, and they were to honor the law they had broken, by enduring its highest sanction. From the edge of the grave they begged us to take warning from their sad fate, to refrain from sin, and to live virtuous lives. Then they took us each by the hand, and with much difficulty the heart-cutting, mutual "good-by" was pronounced; our feelings were all too much choked by strong emotion for free utterance or wordy expression.

Early the next morning, the prison yards and every adjacent spot were crowded with spectators, who came to witness the awful, practical tragedy of three men put to a violent death. At twelve o'clock the victims were brought from prison, and, with tottering steps, marched in solemn procession to the drop. The ropes were then carefully adjusted to their necks, and after the offering up of prayer to God by the clergyman present, who, with solemn earnestness, commended their souls to God, the drop fell; they struggled a few moments, and all was still; they had gone to their reward! Never did I experience emotions more painful than those which were excited in my bosom, as, from a chink in the wall, I gazed on the horrid reality here described; and I pray God I may never witness a similar scene!

The crimes for which these unfortunates suffered the highest penalty of the law, were burglary, or house-breaking, by two of them, who were accomplices, and stealing some live stock, which was afterwards recovered, by the other. That their punishment exceeded the magnitude of their crimes is obvious; but such, at that time, were the laws of Great Britain and her colonies. Such severity is not only unphilosophical, but contrary to the dictates of sound Christianity. This, I am happy to state, has been felt by the law-makers of my *still* beloved country; some important modifications have, within a few years, taken place in relation to offences of a higher grade; death is now inflicted only for offences of the most enormous flagrancy.

The awfully-solemn feelings excited within us by the solemnities just recorded, were soon worn off by anxiety for our own fate. What would be done with us, was a question we could only answer by conjecture; when, after a few weeks, it was solved in the following mysterious manner.

It was evening, and we were engaged in pacing our room, and conversing about the probabilities before us, when we were suddenly alarmed by a noise resembling the rattling of chains, and the approach of several feet towards our cell. Amazement and fear filled our hearts; every man turned pale; some expected that we were again to be brought under our fatal sentence, and our reprieve reversed, while a few dared to think that we were about to be taken across the St. Lawrence, and commanded to leave the country—a thought vain as it was pleasing. In the midst of our alarm the door opened; a number of men entered loaded with chains; without the least ceremony or explanation they riveted them to our limbs; this done, we were ordered down the prison

stairs, and conducted to the yard. There we found a horse and cart in waiting, into which we were compelled to clamber by our mysterious visitors. We were then driven through the main street to the wharf, and put on board a steamboat, which immediately started for Quebec, leaving us in wonder and astonishment. Our fruitful fancies, however, put an explanation upon this strange movement, and inclined us to the belief that we were about to be conveyed to Bermuda, or some other foreign port, until our jailor, who was one of our attendants, informed us that we were all sentenced to five years' hard labor in Quebec jail, to which place he was now conducting us by order of the governor.

At Three Rivers the boat stopped and took in another prisoner, who was under the same sentence with ourselves; and, after forty-eight hours' sailing, we arrived at Quebec. Our future jailor soon came on board; having ascertained our numbers, he left us, and speedily returned with a horse-cart, in which we were carried to our new abode—a most gloomy and forbidding place. Passing through the main entry, which was closely guarded with iron gates and huge wooden doors, we ascended a flight of steps, and traversed a dismal passage to a room in the north part of the prison, designated "the work house;" here we were received by several companions in distress and confinement, whose wretched looks and language bespoke our sympathy and fellow-feeling.

Here we were visited by the turnkey, accompanied by a blacksmith, who, to our no small satisfaction, relieved us of our irons, which had already produced several swollen legs and sore hands among us. Our apartment was one of the most agreeable in this disagreeable prison; it afforded us a view of the street, and of the soldiers' barracks, the liveli-

ness of which tended much to mitigate the loneliness of prison life. But the jailer, fearing we should escape, soon deprived us of this apartment, and confined us where we were more secure, and so secluded, that we could only see the sentinel as he paced up and down at his post in the back yard of our prison.

We enjoyed one advantage here we did not possess at Montreal, which, to us, was of some value. Visitors were admitted every day to the prison, to see those who were confined for petty offences, and who were undergoing an imprisonment of a few months. By this means we were able to send out for almost any article we could purchase. On the Sabbath day, divine worship was regularly performed in one of the apartments of the prison—a privilege of which I was careful to avail myself every Lord's day, without an exception.

As before hinted, our imprisonment was to be connected with hard labor; we were therefore employed to break stones for the public streets, by means of the *tread-wheel*. The wheel upon which we wrought was very large, and admitted a number of persons upon it at the same time. It was kept in motion by means of steps connected with the shaft, upon which the prisoners, whose weight propelled the machine, were obliged to step with the utmost regularity, or incur the risk of dislocating a leg. Fortunately for us this scheme did not answer the expectations of the projector, and, to our great joy, it was laid aside; thus we escaped this very disagreeable and arduous species of labor. But, that we might not be idle, every man was required to pick thirty pounds of oakum per week, which was no easy or pleasant task.

With our labor our appetites increased, and our scanty

A fruitless appeal. Relief and disappointment. The prisoners eat a cat

allowance was far from sufficient to supply their clamorous demands. One pound and a half of coarse bread, with water, was our daily allowance: finding it insufficient to sustain nature, we immediately complained to the jailer; informing him, with all proper respect, that unless we had more food, we could not perform our tasks. He replied with civility,

"I cannot help you; I am not authorized to give you any more. You must apply to the governor."

We therefore drew up a petition, setting forth our wants and grievances in the clearest and most forcible manner, and praying for immediate and effectual relief; after signing it in due form, we sent it to the governor, who paid no attention to our prayer. We next addressed the citizens, presenting our distress as we had done to the governor, and imploring them to assist us, out of their abundance, with a few of the necessaries of life. This appeal was crowned with success; for a season we obtained substantial relief; but as we continued our appeals, and solicited a continuation of these favors, our situation became a matter of public notoriety and common conversation, until the officers of the prison discovering that they were likely to incur the charge of inhumanity and hard-heartedness, published us as *imposters*. Having more influence than a party of poor criminals, they were believed, and our supplies, as a necessary consequence, were cut off, and our hopes of obtaining further assistance from that source wholly blasted.

Such was our distress for food, that, on one occasion, when the turnkey happened to leave a favorite cat in our apartment, which had followed him in his rounds, some of the prisoners immediately killed and cooked it, and, in less than two hours, poor puss was devoured; those who par-

They make skewers. Filth of the prison.

took of this disgusting meal declared it to be as savory as veal. Where is the blush of humanity for such treatment of unfortunate criminals as should drive them to such extremities?

We next made skewers for the butchers, out of part of our firewood, for which we received the offal of the market, such as beef's and sheep's heads, some of which would have done no credit to the carrion of the field. We, however, devoured every thing with greediness. This business was soon spoiled by the competition of other prisoners in the jail, who, observing our success, adopted the same mode, glutted the market, and thus cut off a considerable portion of our supplies.

As I possessed some slight taste for drawing and painting, I tried my success in productions of this kind, but gained nothing but disappointment, as my pictures would not sell. Their preparation, however, served to beguile me of my grief, and to make the stream of time flow more smoothly.

But the want of food was not our only source of distress. We suffered greatly from the cold, as our only bed covering was one blanket a man. Our dress, too, had become torn and threadbare, and some of us were so destitute as to be nearly naked. Then, our prison, not being properly cleansed and aired, together with our want of proper food, had caused us to be infested with that hated insect that "becomes, in twenty-four hours, a grandfather"—the indefatigable and filthy louse; so that we presented a spectacle at which decency might shudder, and humanity weep. But we were criminals, and no man pitied; it seemed as if, for our crimes, we were shut out from within the pale of human nature. No wonder that such prisons, become colleges of vice—high schools of iniquity. Happily for the pros-

perity of the United States, she has prisons based on better principles, and conducted as prisons should be—to reform the prisoner, and teach habits of wholesome industry.

Despairing of relief, we determined to lessen our amount of toil, by destroying portions of the rope sent to us to pick into oakum. We did this by throwing it into the common sewer of the city, through a drain connected with the prison; so that out of thirty pounds, we seldom returned above one half. In this way we cleared the prison of the article, and, for a time, were left without any labor. A great failure, however, in the return of oakum, at the end of the contract, created suspicions that we had destroyed it; but as there was no proof, our misconduct remained undiscovered for a time. But the drain becoming filled up, the jailer inspected it, and found an enormous pile of rope all frozen into one solid mass. Enraged at this discovery, he told us we should pick it all out when the spring opened; this threat, however, was never put into effect, for, soon after the thaw commenced, and a heavy freshet carried it down the common sewer into the river, and we heard no more about it.

The sorrows and hardships we endured drove some of our number to the verge of despair, and led them to think of committing the awful and cowardly sin of suicide; but they were prevented by the indulgence of a faint and lingering hope of escaping at some favorable opportunity. Suicide, at best, is but a coward's resort. Afraid to brave the ills he sees, he shuts his eyes and madly rushes upon the dread, unknown realities of an eternal scene. O, how awful must be the meeting of the Deity with that guilty spirit that rushes, unbidden, into his presence! O, the fearful disappointment; the endless, piteous wreck of the soul that strikes on

that rock! Better far is it to endure the trifling ills of this mortal life, though they press our dying frames to death, rather than to throw off the soul's mantle, and rush naked and bloody, into eternity.

About this time, prompted by my urgent necessities, I wrote a plain statement of my situation to my old patron, Mr. Weidenbecker of Montreal. He returned me a very condescending and affectionate reply, and sent me the names and addresses of two of his acquaintances in Quebec, recommending me to write to them. Taking this advice, I wrote to one of them, who only ridiculed the idea of being addressed by a criminal! Determined not to be easily discouraged, I wrote to him again, and enclosed Mr. W.'s letter; this communication produced a somewhat more favorable effect; he sent me some food and a dollar in money.

Failing to obtain permanent relief, and our hard fare and severe toil being still continued without mitigation, I began to despair of brighter days, and resolved to try my fortune in an attempt to escape. To effect this from the room of my confinement, was manifestly impossible; I therefore directed my attention to another spot, that bade fair to allow of the execution of my plan. In the upper part of the prison was a sort of a store-house, or garret, where we deposited the oakum picked during the week. There were three windows in this garret, unprotected by iron bars, and of easy access from the inside, from which some prisoners of war had made their escape, during the bloody contests of the late American war. At my weekly visits to this place, I used to open the windows and look down on the free and busy multitude below; and such was the excitement produced in my bosom at the possibility of an escape, that on several occasions I could scarcely re-

frain from making the attempt in open day. To make it, however, I fully decided; for if retaken, my situation could scarcely be worse; and if my effort succeeded, O, how my mind revelled amid the sweets of that idea,—liberty and subsequent happiness might be mine. To secrete myself among the oakum at one of my visits to the chamber, and at night escape from the window by means of a rope, was the plan which seemed the most easy of accomplishment, and I accordingly adopted it.

To put it into execution, however, many things were necessary. One of the most important was the confidence of my fellow-prisoners, and their consent to keep my absence from the knowledge of the turnkey a sufficient time to permit my escape. So I spread out my plan before them, and succeeded in obtaining a solemn pledge of secrecy, though they thought it a very daring attempt, as the window was four stories from the ground, and as a very trifling mishap might cost me my life. But I thought that the prospect of liberty was a weight of sufficient magnitude to throw into the scale against the possibility of losing a miserable life; and I told them that, at all events, with their permission, I would try.

The next time we carried oakum to the chamber, I succeeded, amid the hurry and confusion of the occasion, in secreting myself beneath the piles of oakum it contained; the prisoners retired, and now thought I, "all is well; it will soon be dark, and I will be off from this dismal hole." Such were my reflections, when alas! my swelling hopes tumbled into dust; footsteps approached, the door opened, and some one exclaimed,

"Lighton, come out, or the turnkey will discover you!"

To this I made no reply; and the man continued,

A failure. A fresh effort for escape.

"Lighton, I am your friend; come out, and I will not tell the turnkey; it is impossible for you to get away, and for your own sake do come out!"

Finding that my detection was inevitable, I crept forth from my retreat to see who the intruder might be. He was an *orderly* prisoner, who had the liberty of the yard, and who assisted the turnkey in his duties. Having missed me from among the rest, he at once suspected the cause, and returning to the garret, hailed me, as already related. Upon leaving my hiding-place I eyed him askance a moment, and then gruffly said,

"What do you want with me? why not let a poor fellow escape if he can?"

To this he replied with much evident friendship.

"I have apprehended your design, and have come to dissuade you from it; for it will expose you to death if you fail, and bring me under severe reprehension for not keeping a closer watch." As I stood silent a moment, he continued,

"You may possibly make your escape some other way, where I shall not be implicated; and I will say nothing of this affair if you will come away peaceably."

Seeing that I was discovered, I retired to my room much disappointed, to meditate on some new and more successful mode of getting beyond the gloomy walls of my hated prisson. This futile attempt was shortly after followed by another equally unsuccessful. Perceiving that it was barely possible to rush by the sentry, when we went out for our water, which was very near the gate in the prison yard, I told my companions that I thought of trying to get off that way. Pleased with my reckless daring, they exclaimed,

"Get away if you can!"

The attempt. Dragged back to prison. Confined in the dungeon.

To aid my purpose they appointed me their *orderly*, so that I might improve the most favorable opportunity. To avoid suspicion, I went to the pump without my hat, having an old wollen cap stuffed beneath my waistband, which one of the prisoners gave me for the occasion. One day, while I was deliberately filling my tub, the sentry turned his head to gaze at some passing novelty; that was my precious opportunity; springing to the door, I was in the street in a moment, running at the top of my speed. But here, again my evil genius attended me; for just as I passed the door, the turnkey, impatient at my delay, came to the head of the stairs, and stooping down to see what was doing, he discovered a pair of heels. Suspecting foul play, he rushed into the street, shouting with a Stentorian voice, "Stop that prisoner!" The roads were very slippery, being covered with ice; my shoes were dry, and of course my progress was much impeded by slipping and tumbling; still I kept onward, until the turnkey, overtaking me, brought me to the ground with a blow, and then firmly grasping me by the collar, he dragged me, an unwilling follower, back to prison. There the guards were already mustered for pursuit, and the sentry by whom I had passed was so infuriated, that he would have fain run me through with his bayonet. Many spectators had assembled, and the jailer, meeting us, dealt out a number of blows upon my head and face with his fist, and pulled my ears most shamefully; they then put me into irons, and confined me in the dungeon—a cold, dark, comfortless hole, unfit for the residence of a satyr. How strange that such a place should have been invented to recover man from folly!

My place of confinement was opposite the guard-house, and the soldiers amused themselves with mimicking my

sufferings. This, together with my misery, produced a state of exasperation amounting almost to insanity. I shook my irons, knocked at the door, and screamed with great vehemence. At last, my mad efforts exhausted my strength, and brought me to my senses. Ashamed of my folly, I sank down in silence to the floor. From this dungeon I was soon removed, and once more mingled with my fellow prisoners in the old apartment, though for a week my irons were continued on my person.

The condition of the prisoners not being ameliorated by better treatment, they continued to make the most bitter complaints, which, like the whistling breeze, passed unheeded and neglected; and they at last formed a stern determination to break jail the first favorable opportunity: a solemn agreement to this effect was made, to which we mutually pledged adherence. Our next question was, *where* to make the attempt; to break from the room we then occupied was utterly impossible, on account of its contiguity to the post of one of the sentries. The room we first occupied, however, offered advantages to facilitate our design; it therefore became a point of the first importance to obtain its possession. This, of course, could only be done by permission of the jailer: to gain this, we behaved ourselves in the most unexceptionable manner, and having secured his good will by our quietness and good order, we humbly requested him to permit us to occupy the *work-house*, on account of its superior size and means of comfort, and also because our room, being small, was likely to promote disease from the impurity of its air. Supposing us to be sincere, he granted our request, and gave us the additional privilege of walking occasionally in the yard. Our time being now employed principally in breaking stones, at one

The oath. Prisoners engage in cutting the bars. Manner of working.

halfpenny per bushel, we had but little leisure to mature our project.

To secure the faithfulness of all, we bound ourselves with an oath to stand or fall together. An old man, named Pireau, acted as our judge to administer the oath; this he did in a candid and deliberate manner, requiring each individual to repeat after him the oath, concluding with, "I agree to the design proposed, and in every respect will prove faithful; so help me ——." He also made every one kiss the Bible, after the English manner of taking an oath.

This done, we commenced operations, and the old man was appointed chief. He proposed to cut away the bars of our window, which he said was the only practicable mode of escape; this was so apparent that we unanimously decided upon that means, and to carry out our purpose we sent by a visitor and procured a knife and a file. The knife, however, was so thick, that it was useless, until we, by dint of much effort, reduced it to a proper size by rubbing it on a stone. This done, the old man, whom we called the "*old fox*," for his singular cunning, made it into a saw, and hid it over the door frame.

Being closely guarded, it was difficult to decide where to make our attempt; but we ultimately resolved to try the window on the north corner of the prison, as the only one affording a rational probability of success; it was close to the prison wall, which rose about three feet above the window. We proposed to cut away the inner and outer bars, and then, by means of a plank, which we had already secured, to mount the top of the wall, and descend on the other side by means of a rope fastened to the remaining bars of the window.

We accordingly began our work, but to avoid detection

by the numerous sentries by whom we were guarded, we only worked on wet and stormy nights, when the soldiers were sheltered in their boxes. On these nights, old Pireau used the saw, and the rest were stationed around the room, to give timely notice of the earliest alarm. One of our number was posted where he could see the sentinel immediately next us in the yard, with a string in his hand, attached to the old man's foot, which in case of alarm was to be pulled as a signal for him to desist; and he not unfrequently received some pretty nervous jerks, that made him curse roundly for the pain they occasioned him. Our scheme was now in rapid progression, when the introduction of a new companion stopped its further prosecution for a time. He was a boy, and was only to be confined for one month; so we determined to postpone our enterprise until his departure; but he, by accident, discovered our intention; we then frightened him half to death, and made him take an awful oath of secrecy, and proceeded with our work. We had soon so nearly accomplished our preparatory measures, that we only required one more night to apply the finishing stroke and take our departure. Animated to an unusual degree, we entered upon our day's labor with unwonted cheerfulness, and, while we hammered the hard stones, bright visions of liberty and freedom floated like spirits of peace before our minds. But these visions were too bright to be realized, and there was something ominous in our exceeding cheerfulness. How sad, how overwhelming was our disappointment, when, about 11 o'clock, A. M., the turnkey entered our apartment, and ordered every one out of the room, saying, as we left it,

"I believe some of you are adopting some measures to escape; I am come to see whether it is so or not!"

The author is ironed. Author's regiment arrives in Quebec.

He then examined our beds; on coming to old Pireau's and mine—for we were comrades, and slept on the same bed—he found our saw hid among the straw. Next, the bars of the windows underwent his strict scrutiny, and, on coming to the one which was the subject of our operations, as if aware that it was the place, he gave particular attention to it, and, notwithstanding the cuts were filled up with charcoal and tallow, he soon announced his discovery by exclaiming,

"Ah, here it is! I have found the place where they are breaking away!"

How bitterly painful was this sudden disappointment, and how mournful were the looks we exchanged with each other, as he collected us altogether, and drove us like slaves into the *dungeon!* Pireau, myself, and one or two others, being suspected to be the ringleaders of the affair, were immediately put into heavy irons, and when the affair was made public, we were announced as such, though in fact we were no more deeply implicated than the rest. After a few days' confinement in the dungeon, our irons were removed, and we were all placed in our old apartment, the small, unhealthy room at the back of the prison. Old Pireau still had to wear his irons, for when the unfeeling blacksmith who took them off our limbs was about removing his, he did it so brutally, that the old man complained most bitterly, and the smith, growing snarlish and cross, went away without finishing his task. In consequence of this, he wore his irons nearly a month.

Sixteen months had now elapsed since I had entered my dreary prison, when it was rumored that my regiment was ordered home, and had actually arrived in Quebec for the purpose of embarking. The wretched are ever fond of

grasping at the mere straws that float by them, on the stream where all their hopes lie wrecked; and I, with a similar desperation, seized the idea that I should be released from my weary confinement, and be conducted with my regiment back to my *country;* and "There," whispered hope, "your friends will secure your discharge." My old comrades visited me nearly every day, but though I made every possible inquiry of them, they could afford me no satisfactory information. Unwilling to lose any opportunity, I petitioned the officers, humbly confessing my error, and soliciting their favor and official influence in procuring my liberty, and my restoration to my regiment. A few days after I sent my petition, Captain Pierce visited me, more in the spirit of a fiend than a *man;* as if my sufferings had not been sufficient, he heaped unmerited curses on my head. This unexpected and ungodly treatment struck me dumb, so that I could scarcely utter a word during his visit. He told me that the officers had received my petition, but could not assist me, and I must content myself with enduring the full term of my imprisonment. At last, as if some pity yet glowed within his hardened breast, he presented me with a dollar, saying, as he gave it me,

"I give you this, that you may apply it to your present necessities,"

Upon this, I bowed and thanked him, and he left me.

Soon after this, I addressed a letter to the adjutant, who also made me a visit. His kind and familiar manner relieved me from all embarrassment, and enabled me to make a full and free expression of my feelings. I told him that it was my impression, that, having been delivered up to the civil authorities, I was no longer a soldier; that, as my discharge from military obligations had been given to

the court at my trial, it must be given to me, when my term of imprisonment expired. He corrected this impression, however, by telling me that my name was still continued on the military roll, and that I should probably be joined to some other corps at the close of my confinement.

This information cut off my last hope, and overwhelmed me with discouragement; it showed me that after the expiration of my present severe trials, I was liable to trial for desertion, and should probably be doomed to the *lash* or banishment with some condemned corps, and perhaps to both. This was the saddest prospect yet, and it filled my heart with sad forebodings.

Just on the eve of the departure of the troops, I wrote to Colonel Rumple, requesting an interview. He was now commander of the regiment, in consequence of the death of Colonel Andrews. He visited me, and to him I humbly acknowledged my fault, and earnestly implored his influence to effect my release and restoration to his corps; in reply, he said his influence would avail me nothing, or he would willingly use it; he was sorry, he said, to see me in so miserable a plight, but hoped it would do me ultimate good. Concerning my discharge, he said that I was still a soldier, but not under his command; hence he must leave me behind, in the power of the governor, who would do with me as he thought best after my release from prison. This information threw an additional shade upon the future, and left me still more the victim of hopeless despondency. Before the regiment left Quebec, all *foreigners* were discharged, in order that none but British subjects might remain in it. These discharged comrades rendered me some important assistance by their voluntary and noble generosity, for which may they be amply rewarded by the

providence and mercy of Heaven. Thus did my hopes dawn and die, during the short stay of my regiment in the city.

Notwithstanding the failure of our plans of escape, and the subsequent disappointment and sadness of our hearts, we did not wholly despair. We were continually devising new schemes, which as often proved to be but air. At last, we resolved again to petition the governor, and humbly implore his clemency; but to our numerous petitions we received no answer, neither in writing nor assistance. Then, supposing we had exhausted every effort that afforded a prospect of alleviation, or of present liberty, we sank down into a sort of melancholy and forced resignation to our miserable circumstances. We were completely raised from this state, however, in a short time, by an unlooked for occurrence. A ship of the line arrived at Quebec in want of seamen, and one day the officers came into the prison to obtain some able-bodied men for the service. The jailer permitted them to visit us, when they inquired how many of us were willing to volunteer to be men-of-war's men. Every prisoner eagerly replied that he was willing; upon which they took down our names, and told us we should be sent for in a few days. This intelligence cheered our spirits, and we were well nigh intoxicated with joy; we fondly dreamed of a safe and speedy deliverance from our irksome confinement; and it was but a dream, for we soon learned that the ship had sailed. Why we were not sent for, we were never informed. Probably, the consent of the governor could not be obtained.

By good behavior, I obtained the confidence and moved the sympathy of the jailer, and he, in some degree, mitigated the rigor of my imprisonment by permitting me to act

as a waiter upon a gentleman confined for debt; this service procured me the liberty of the yard, and though I was shut up in my room at night, yet my situation was materially improved.

The prisoners, soon after this, contrived another plan of escape, which was at once hazardous and cunning. There was a drain connected with our room, which led into the common sewer of the city. They proposed to descend this drain and follow the sewer until it brought them under the streets of the city; from thence, cut through the arch, and ascend without the prison walls. This plan manifestly required great caution, for there were several other drains in the prison, from which our lights in the sewer must inevitably be discovered, if any person should happen to pass them while we were operating below. For the procurement of lights they depended upon me, as I, having the liberty of the yard, could obtain them with greater facility than any of the rest. This I did, and soon supplied them with candles sufficient for the occasion. Mr. Pireau was next sent to reconnoitre, and ascertain what difficulties were to be surmounted. With a strong rope, which we had procured, or rather constructed, he was with much difficulty lowered down the narrow drain into the sewer below. The "*old fox*," as we called him, soon returned, and, pulling the rope, we drew him up in triumph; he declared that nothing could be more encouraging, as there was but one obstacle in the way, which was an iron grating of single bars, directly under the wall of the prison yard; the cutting away of one of these would permit us to pass directly under the street. He jocosely observed, that of all the ways he had travelled in his life, that was the most foul and offensive; and well it might be, for it was the passage of all the filth of the city.

The attempt. Unexpected difficulties. A ludicrous scene.

Materials to cut the bar were soon obtained, and the old man speedily accomplished that task. Myself and another prisoner were now deputed to descend and inspect the ground, and to report the probabilities of success. We accordingly descended, and after a short examination, returned and stated it to be our opinion that our escape might easily be effected.

As it was our intention not to make the hole until all were ready to pop out, we agreed to descend together. One of our number declined on account of ill health, and because his term of imprisonment was nearly expired. He promised, however, to remain in his bed until the turnkey brought in the wood to make our fire, and then to affect utter ignorance of our escape. Satisfied with this promise, one night, after the turnkey had gone his nine-o'clock rounds, and all was quiet in the prison, we descended, nine of us in number, and proceeded up the channel to the scene of our anticipated escape. Here we experienced much difficulty, in consequence of the narrow dimensions of the channel, and because of a great flow of filthy water, occasioned by a recent rain. Crawling upon our hands and knees, we could but just keep our heads above water, and sometimes we narrowly escaped drowning.

The prisoners were sadly disappointed upon finding such an egress; they had expected to be able to walk erect, and without danger or difficulty; and most severely and blasphemously did they curse us for bringing them, as they said, into such a hole. Some unfortunately drowned their lights, and were involved in darkness. This so discouraged them that they would fain have gone back; but this miserable privilege was denied them, the passage being so narrow that they could not turn round; go ahead, therefore, they must.

Impatience of the prisoners. An unexpected obstacle.

Old Pireau, who led the van, endeavored to encourage them: but in return for his efforts, he received disgusting oaths and bitter curses. To me the scene was truly ludicrous, and I could not help laughing heartily at their misfortunes; indeed, it was a spectacle worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. There they were, toiling up a narrow aperture, on hands and knees, the water up to their very chins—each man dragging his bundle after him as best he could, and all of them moaning forth the most sorrowful lamentations; in this style we reached the scene of operations.

Here it was more spacious, and here we paused, our hearts beating high with the hope of breathing a purer air in a few moments. I was ordered forward to assist old Pireau in making the excavation, as only two of us could labor together. After we had dug and pulled for some time without success, the men became impatient, and cried out,

"Well, are you ready?"

"No," we replied. A few minutes more passed away without interruption, when they again cried out, with Stentorian voices,

"Have you got the hole made?"

Again we answered, "No." And then some swore, and others joked about our laziness; and then followed a short pause, which was soon broken by the following dialogue:—

"Is the hole made now?"

"Not yet."

"Well, what is the matter? don't you do any thing?"

"Yes; we shall get through by and by, only keep still."

Then they praised us for our diligence, and shouted,

"Halloo, there, old fox, what are you about? Is the hole made now?"

We replied, "No; we are afraid we shall not be able to

Bitter disappointment. A traitor.

accomplish much, the water is so high, and we have nothing with which to dig into the wall."

Having no implement but the bar which we had cut out of the grating, and the channel being walled on each side and overlaid with large timbers, we soon found it impossible to make any available impression; and when the prisoners again demanded if we were ready, we replied,

"It is impossible for us to succeed to-night; we had better return to our room until the water subsides, and we are able to procure some implement to aid us in forcing away the stones and timbers of the channel."

Now commenced a scene the most infamous and diabolical I ever witnessed. They cursed our ill success, and wished ten thousand evils upon us for bringing them into such a predicament; they yelled, howled, and cursed, and, had their oaths and imprecations been fulfilled upon them, they would have sunk to the lowest depths of the lowest perdition. At last we regained the drain, where the man we had left behind lowered the rope, and drew up the lightest of us; thus, one after another, we ascended to our abode, wet, cold, and miserable; it was well for us that one of our number remained behind, or we could not have regained our room, but must have staid below, perhaps to perish before morning.

After wringing out our clothes, we retired to bed, where, having only a single blanket to cover us, we passed the night cold and shivering. The next morning, I passed out to wait on the gentleman debtor as usual, no notice being taken of my still wet dress; and it is highly probable that our attempt would have been undiscovered, had not one of our own number, regardless of the oath he had taken, treacherously revealed the whole affair to the jailer and

turnkey. Upon being informed of the fact, they drove us all down into the dungeon, and examined us, to find out the ringleaders of the plot. Old Pireau and myself, having been found guilty on a former occasion, were condemned as the instigators of this movement, and loaded heavily with irons.

Two of the prisoners, conceiving me to be the cause of their detection, increased the misery of my situation by the most violent abuse, and by robbing me of my food. This was the more unreasonable, as I was suffering more severely than themselves, under the charge that I was the ringleader of the whole attempt. The night, however, relieved me of their unpleasant company, as all but Pireau and myself were taken back to their old apartment, while we were left sole occupants of the dungeon.

Finding his irons very troublesome, old Pireau, with the help of a piece of iron, contrived to cut them in such a way that he could take them off at pleasure, and, through the day, he walked about freed from their incumbrance; but when the turnkey approached the place he slipped them on. This contrivance, however, was discovered one day by the turnkey, who came to the dungeon unexpectedly, and detected him before he had time to replace them.

Upon being restored to my room, I made a firm determination never to attempt an escape again in company with my faithless and unprincipled companions, as it was now pretty evident that some of them would betray the rest, either from desire to gain favor with the jailer, or from fear. This determination was tested only a few days after. Some of the prisoners attempted to escape the same way that we had so recently tried. A few minutes after the keeper had gone his rounds, one of them descended the drain to examine

the grating, and prepare the way for the rest. Hardly had he arrived below, before the keepers sprang suddenly into our room, and began inquiring for old Pireau and myself, taking it for granted that we were concerned in the attempt. Happily we were in bed; but, though we informed them of the fact, they could hardly be convinced until they were assured by seeing our persons. We told them we had nothing to do with their breaking out, and that we never meant to be guilty of such a *crime* again.

The poor fellow who had descended into the channel, was soon taken out by means of a trap-door, when the turnkey beat him most shamefully with a cudgel, and drove him down to the dungeon, where he was heavily ironed, and kept for a considerable time. This circumstance had such an effect upon all the prisoners, that they abandoned all idea of liberation until their time should expire.

As I had adopted a similar resolution, it struck me as a wise expedient to devote myself to mental improvement, as a means of passing the time agreeably, and of preparing myself for future usefulness and happiness. My means of improvement were very small. I had but a few books; however, I sedulously devoted every leisure moment to the study of drawing, writing, and arithmetic. These studies had the happiest effect upon my mind; they soon relieved me of that insufferable prison melancholy, of which I had heretofore been the unhappy subject, and they ultimately paved the way for that glorious change which I subsequently experienced. Still the time spent in prison was a vacuity in my existence; even now, it seems like a whole link struck from the chain of my past life. The wonder of my mind often is, how I escaped utter ruin, connected as I was, so long and so closely, with such unprincipled characters. Doubtless the restraining

grace of God saved me, and to its great Author I would ascribe an eternal song of praise, for plucking *such* a brand from the burning.

CHAPTER VII.

"One struggle more, and I am free."

We now had an addition to our numbers, of a character differing from all the rest. He was a young Englishman, convicted for some petty crime, well educated, and possessed of a tenderness of manner that soon won for him the love and esteem of all the prisoners. By a long train of misfortunes he had become greatly reduced; when, to gratify his sinful and intemperate habits, he committed the offence that placed him in prison. What think you, young reader, occasioned his fall? It was cruel disobedience to kind and affectionate parents! Nor was he alone in attributing his fall to this crime, among the many who were under confinement. Several of us could date our entire list of sorrows from the moment when we violated the obligations of children. Would that the young would beware of this accursed and blasting evil—this root of a thousand woes! O that they were wise to refrain from it, ere it lead them into every species of wretchedness and woe! Hear, young reader, hear *your* duty from the mouth of God upon this subject. He says, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

This young man had not been long with us, before I formed the most intimate friendship with him. As we both loved reading, we united our studies, and read together every book we could obtain. Among the many we borrowed, was Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, an inimitable

work, which neither of us had ever seen before; this we read with an increasing interest, until we became entirely captivated by the fascinating style of the author, and by the peculiarity of his descriptions of the Pilgrim's wanderings. Nor was it without its moral influence on my mind. His description of the Pilgrim hastening from the City of Destruction, struggling through the Slough of Despond to the little wicket-gate, and his pursuit of the heavenly journey with so much watchfulness and effort, taught me the necessity of repentance and regeneration. I saw that I must be cleansed by the washing of the Holy Ghost, and be united by a spiritual bond to our blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and that, by his grace, I must become obedient to his will, or forfeit enternal life. When we read of Christian losing his burden at the foot of the cross, a strong desire for a similar relief awoke in my heaving heart, and, ere we had reached the close of the work, I was laboring under deep and genuine conviction for sin. What a blessed work is that of Bunyan's! Doubtless many souls will have to bless God for its production to all eternity; it is so true to nature, to grace, to experience, and withal so interesting in its style, that it must always be both useful and beloved.

How various are the means used by that Mighty Agent of the gospel, the Holy Spirit, to produce conviction in the human heart! Sometimes it speaks in the thunder, and sometimes in the whispers of the breeze; now it works in the lightning's flash, and anon, in the darkness of the silent midnight hour; in one, it speaks with the hoarse roars of Sinai, in another, with the sweet sighings of Calvary; to some, by the living minister, and to others, by the silent book, wonderfully adapting its modes to the various con-

stitutions and circumstances of man. O blessed Spirit! my heart adores thee; my spirit yields its humble sacrifice to thy glory, and to thy eternal praise. May thy influence fill my soul, and fit me for the inheritance of the saints in light.

By a peculiar dispensation of Divine Providence, we were visited at this era of my experience by the Rev. Mr. Archibald and another gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, an officer in the royal engineer department. These gentlemen, moved by the spirit of Jesus, came to visit us in prison, in hopes to find a disciple for their Divine Master within its wails. Theirs was a benevolence of the right stamp—a Christianity developed through a proper medium; they labored *personally* with sinners, and that is the kind of labor that the Head of the Church requires. They manifested the utmost sweetness of disposition, and piety shone conspicuously in their deportment; their mildness and suavity soon inspired confidence, and we listened with respect to their instructions.

Perceiving my seriousness of manner, Mr. A. used to take me aside, and, with much affection and gentleness, urge me to seek a change of heart, as necessary to salvation. He warned me most faithfully of my danger, showing me that I was a sinner, at an almost infinite distance from God; and that, if I would be at peace, I must repent of all my sins, and take the Lord Jesus for my Savior. But, like too many sinners, though under deep conviction, I thought I could not seek religion *then;* I was surrounded by what might have been truly called "the devil's own children," who would doubtless make me the butt of their filthy wit, and low, unmanly ridicule. After I was liberated, it seemed as if a more convenient season would offer

itself. Thus, for a long time, I strove to quell my tender feelings, and to grieve the Holy Spirit; yet, like the patriarch's dove, I found no rest; for though I could grieve the Spirit, I *could not resist conviction!* it followed me in spite of every procrastinating effort. Blessed, thrice blessed be God for his long-suffering and tender mercy!

While in this interesting state of mind, I attended the prison chapel one afternoon, when we were addressed by an entire stranger, an elderly gentleman, dressed in the garb of an old fashioned Methodist preacher; such a dress I had frequently seen worn in England. His peculiarly solemn appearance arrested my attention, and prepared me to hear with profit. His prayer was fervent and powerful: it took hold of God, and, like the wrestling patriarch, he seemed unwilling to let go until Jehovah had blessed him and his sinful auditory. While praying for the prisoners, he seemed to carry my case especially to the throne of grace; under that prayer my convictions increased mightily, and my sinking, but wicked heart strongly tempted me to leave the chapel for very shame's sake. Glory to God, *that* temptation did not conquer me; *that* mesh did not entangle my unwary feet.

Christ, the sacrifice for sin, was the lofty theme he chose to speak upon in his sermon: he showed sin's exceeding sinfulness, and its damning effects, from the fact, that, to redeem a world from death, so *great* a gift as the Son of God was necessary. After dwelling a sufficient time on the great *doctrines* of his text, he addressed himself with deep pathos to the prisoners; he showed us how all our past wretchedness and suffering were occasioned by *sin*, and how sin world ruin us in the future; he invited us to Christ, urging the most weighty motives to repentance and faith, and

pointing out the glorious and peaceful results. My soul could not resist the eloquence of his pleading, and it was only by violent efforts that tears were prevented from revealing to my comrades the workings of my heart.

At the close of the meeting, I went to this venerable messenger of the new covenant, and, taking him aside, said to him, as I burst into a flood of tears,

"Sir, I am desirous to become a better man; I wish to be pious; I am sensible that I have hitherto lived an enemy to God; will you give me your counsel, and pray that your labors may not be lost upon me?"

Taking me affectionately by the hand, he replied with much earnestness of manner,

"Do not stifle your good impressions, but submit to them until they are followed by an evidence that you are born of God. Pray for mercy and pardon! Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; confess your sins and forsake all your evil doings, and he will receive you."

"Sir," said I, "I cannot pray; I do not know how."

"Not pray!" replied he, as if astonished; "cannot you repeat the Lord's prayer?"

"Yes sir," said I; "my mother taught me that when I was but a child."

"Then use that, my dear young friend," answered he, "and make it a model in all your addresses to the throne of grace."

He then offered me some advice relative to my future course, and, with an earnest wish that my heart might soon be filled with the full fruition of divine love, left me to my reflections.

My mind now labored under the deepest distress; I saw God's holy law was against me, and my guilt pressed like

an insupportable load upon my conscience. To increase my apprehensions, the Evil One suggested that, in yielding to religion *then* and *there*, I should, like Sampson of ancient story, have to make sport for the Philistines, for my companions were still bitterly opposed to religion. Yielding to these wicked insinuations, I buried my feelings deep in my own bosom, revealing them to none but the Rev. Mr. Archibald, who still continued his visits. To him, however, I gave a circumstanial account of all my mental conflicts, and received in return the best possible advice; he loaned me such books, also, as he supposed would be useful to me in my state of mind: one of these was much blessed to my advantage; it was called the Prodigal's Life: such was its effect, that my convictions increased so as to deprive me of rest day and night.

My time I now spent as much alone as possible, occupying it chiefly in praying, reading, and walking our room in serious meditation. On one occasion, having thoughtlessly joined these sons of *Belial*, in their walk to and fro in our apartment, they began to talk of what they would do when released, and they wanted to know if I would not join them in their wicked plans; as they talked, their feelings waxed hotter and hotter, until they seemed ripe for the perpetration of some diabolic scheme. Suddenly I paused; an overwhelming view of my sinfulness and danger passed before me, and I felt that I must either yield to God *at once* or be lost forever; my wicked heart sought an excuse, but my horrors continued and increased; my only alternative appeared to be, to yield *then* or be damned forever! Hell was all open before me, gaping to swallow me up, and my spirit shuddered lest in a few moments it should mingle its wailings with the lost! O, that was an awfully-solemn moment.

Thus overpowered by the almighty power of God, I left the company, and rushing to my bedside, fell upon my knees, with my sins swelling like mountains before me, and prayed God to have mercy upon my soul. While thus engaged, one of the prisoners came into the bed-room: it being dark, he stumbled over my feet: as he struggled to rise, he was about to speak, but discovering me to be engaged in prayer, he stopped short, astonished and confounded. After giving vent to the feelings of my soul in prayer, the load upon my heart was removed; the insupportable burden was gone. My spirit felt refreshed and renewed, and I felt as if I could forever travel the heavenly road without weariness or pain. I felt like a new man—every thing around me was different, or, at least, it appeared so. Surely it was a new creation by the grace and power of God, even the transformation of my soul from darkness to light—from Satan to God. New feelings possessed me; love to God and love to my fellow-prisoners filled my heart, and I could willingly do the worst of my companions good. But a few minutes before, a consciousness of the divine displeasure and of my nearness to hell bowed me to the dust; now, a knowledge that Jehovah smiled propitiously, and owned me for an heir of bliss, elevated my feelings to a state of holy serenity and peace. O! blessed be God! I felt redeemed from sin and guilt, despair and misery, death and hell. The Lord Jesus was my advocate, and I was justified and pardoned by his precious blood; lost to every thing beside, my heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise.

I retired to bed that night with a confidence, that, whether I slept the sleep of death, or lived until the morning, I was the Lord's. Full of joy in the Holy Ghost, I awoke in the

morning: heaven was my all, and earth a dream. My soul was happy, truly, inexpressibly happy, and it seemed impossible that the bright sky of my hopes should ever be darkened. Alas! how little the young convert knows, in the hours of his first love, of the fierce contests and fiery trials that await him. 'Tis well he does not, else would his strength fail him, and he would melt at the thought of future trials.

On the return of Mr. Archibald I related all my feelings in his eager ear. He asked me several questions, gave me much useful instruction, and promised to continue his visits every week, to my no small consolation.

My conversion produced a favorable impression upon my fellow-prisoners; for a time, we had comparative peace; God had stopped the mouths of the lions for his servant's sake. They were mostly Catholics, though they gave no practical evidence of being Christians, but were saints and sinners by turns, as convenience or interest demanded: before their priests they confessed their sins, and, receiving absolution, felt as safe as if there were no day of judgment, no retribution, no God to judge. Alas! that such a *human* system should be palmed upon the credulous and ignorant for the religion of the Bible. May God soon save the world from the curse of Roman Catholicism.

With this steady frame my enjoyments continued for some time, when some of the prisoners commenced a system of persecution that, for a season, marred, but did not destroy, my enjoyments. My persecutors were the most hardened and vicious of this guilty crew, and their persecutions were of the most cunning and malicious character. Once they reported to the turnkey that I had conspired to mutiny; that my plan was to arm myself with a cudgel,

and, as he came his round at nine o'clock, to knock him down, take his keys and clothes, and in his dress, liberate them and myself from confinement. Strange to say, the turnkey gave a partial credence to this most egregious, though ingenious lie, and actually prepared himself for the anticipated onset. When the hour arrived, he came into the room and inquired for me. He found me in the bedroom quietly engaged in my studies, and entirely unconscious of the reason of his inquiry. Notwithstanding my peaceable occupation, he came to me, and addressing me, said, "I understand, Lighton, you are calculating to mutiny—to knock me down, take my keys and clothes, and escape with the rest of the prisoners."

As he spoke, he became highly excited, and swore like a maniac, and holding up his bunch of massive keys in my face, he declared he would beat my brains out with them if I dared to attempt any such thing. This unlooked-for, and to me mysterious, address so filled me with surprise that I was utterly unable to clearly defend myself from the charge. With much effort, I at last made out to tell him that no such plan had entered into my head, and that I was disposed to be quiet and harmless, and should continue so until the day of my discharge.

This low cunning of the devil and his agents greatly afflicted my soul, and for a time was a sore thorn in my flesh; at last, the turnkey became convinced that the report of the prisoners was a lie, fabricated for the purpose of injuring me; so that they, in their turn, were condemned, while I triumphed in the vindication of my innocence. Thus was Satan entrapped in his own snare, and God turned the wrath of man to confusion.

Amidst these petty though painful persecutions, the grace

of the Lord Jesus sustained and enabled me, as a good soldier, to endure hardness; and by degrees I grew bold in recommending the Savior to my fellow-prisoners, and in interfering to prevent or heal their frequent quarrels: for my success in my efforts to silence these brawls, they honored me with the appellation of peace-maker.

About this time my heart was rejoiced at witnessing the awakening and concern of soul of one of the prisoners, named John Hart, occasioned by the following incident:—

His comrade, whose name was Robinson, and who with himself united to abuse and rob me of my food when confined in the dungeon, had been dismissed from jail, his time having expired. Soon after his discharge, in attempting to rob a house, he fell from the roof, and was so seriously injured that he died. This appalling news filled Hart with fear and horror; trembling with an awful idea that his own death-hour was nigh, he begged of me to send for Mr. Archibald, which I did immediately. This worthy minister of the gospel came, and my deeply-convicted comrade, though his anguish had partially subsided, promised, if God would spare his life, that he would live better, and never do again as he had done in his previous life.

Alas for this resolution! like the morning clouds or early dew it passed speedily away. Ere a few days had passed, he forgot his terrors, and returned to his former sin and neglect of God: it may here be added, that after his dismission from prison, this rejecter of the overtures of divine grace engaged in robbing a church, and finished his black career upon the gallows. What an awful lesson does this solemn fact teach us! How dangerous to grieve away the Spirit of our holy God! Reader are you trifling with that Spirit? Beware, lest *you* trifle your soul into hell! Care-

fully follow its sacred teachings, and it will lead you to the blissful walks of paradise and bliss.

Being very desirous of communicating the glorious change, which had renovated my heart, to my parents, I wrote them a letter which Mr. A. promised to send by the earliest mail. But I never received any answer to this or any other letters, which, at different times, I had sent home. This was peculiarly painful to my feelings.

Soon after this, the gentleman who had accompanied Mr. A. in his visits of mercy to our abode was called by Divine Providence to leave Quebec. His farewell visit was an interesting and profitable season: after giving us much valuable advice, and fervently commending us to God in prayer, he took us each by the hand and bade us an affectionate adieu: so touching was the scene that every eye was bedewed by tears—every heart was full; and as he left us, the blessing of the ready to perish, followed him.

Not only did the Lord pour his grace into my soul, but he opened a door through which I received some relief to my circumstances. The jailer perceived the change which had passed over me, and acquiring confidence in my integrity, he employed me to mark the prison bedding, clothes, &c.: this gave me a lighter employment and the occasional liberty of the yard, and very much ameliorated my condition.

About this time it was proposed to establish a school in the prison for the benefit of the more illiterate of the prisoners: by the advice of Mr. Archibald, I was chosen to teach the English branches, and a young man of suitable talents to instruct in the French language. For our encouragement, liberal rewards were offered us if we succeeded in gaining their approval. Our operations were com-

A gift. A plentiful provision. Doctor Moruia.

menced with prayer, in presence of Mr. A. and the committee.

For a time our success was such as to call forth the unqualified approbation of the committee. While engaged in it, my old friend, Mr. Weidenbecker, sent me four dollars—a present which came very opportunely, as I received nothing for teaching, and had only the still miserable prison rations for my support.

Standing in great need of provisions, I sent out and purchased a whole sheep, some peas, &c., with Mr. W.'s donations; the man just arrived with it as Mr. A. came to visit the school, and being unwilling he should see it, I hastened to secrete it in an adjoining cell; but my haste attracted his notice, and excited his suspicion, and, looking into the cell, he saw, to his utter astonishment, a whole sheep, ready for cooking. Returning from the cell, he asked,

"William, is that sheep yours?"

With some confusion, I replied, "It is, sir." "Well, then," replied he, "you mean to live well, I see."—Here was an error. I ought to have told Mr. A. the facts in the case, and no doubt, from the benevolence of his heart, he would have exerted himself in our behalf; but as it was, he never gave me any remuneration for my labor in teaching. Probably he supposed we were well enough off without any pecuniary aid,—On the approach of spring, the prisoners growing weary of study, our school ceased; but the jailor having nothing against my character, permitted me to enjoy the liberty of the yard.

Things were in this situation, when a French gentleman, named Moruia, by profession a doctor, was unjustly committed to prison for six months. This gentleman soon conceived an attachment for me, and as he occupied a private room,

Plans of escape. A disinterested friend.

he succeeded in gaining permission of the jailer for me to room with him—a circumstance which made me comparatively happy. While with this worthy man, he cured me of a cancer, which for some time had filled me with alarm, and threatened me with early dissolution; he also gave me some clothing, which, with the prison allowance, made me quite comfortable.

The providence of God still wrought in my favor. The boy, whom the jailer employed to take care of his horses left him, and, his stables being within the prison walls, he put me into that station. Here I soon discovered an almost sure way of escape; and it appeared to me, that, as my happiness and usefulness depended on my being once more a member of society, it was my *duty* to attempt it. Filled with the thought, I told the doctor, who, transported with the idea, cautioned me to be careful, and he would abscond with me when the favorable hour should arrive, for the sake of making my escape complete. Meanwhile he commenced sending out his books and other articles to the care of a city friend; but as his time was nearly expired, this excited no suspicion.

The motive that influenced the doctor in his determination to escape with me was purely disinterested; his own time of imprisonment was nearly expired, and by escaping he only exposed himself to an increased penalty; it was for *my sake* he did it. Speaking upon it, he said, "When I think of your situation, the misery you have undergone, and very probably will have to undergo all your life; and when I take into consideration your tender youth, and the probability of your future usefulness, both to yourself and the world, could you be free,—I cannot decline an act which, I well know will be the sure means of your deliverance from

Facilities for escape. An auspicious moment. Groundless alarm.

all your present and future misery, and which will restore you to liberty and happiness. With these feelings I sacrifice all regard to future consequences, for your happiness' sake; and should I be taken for my escape, I shall have the satisfaction to know that *you are free*, and that my memory is cherished in your affections for the act."

Upon the propriety of escaping I had some occasional doubts, but the idea of ultimate *transportation* was a goad to urge me onward—a justification of the attempt—and methinks every reader will justify the act too.

As ostler or groom to the jailer, I had access to the south garret of the prison for grain, it being used as a sort of granary. This garret was close to our room; and my plan was, to secure the keys of this place, and, with the aid of a rope, descend from the window to the street, as there were no bars for its security. The doctor prepared every thing for our departure, and we only waited to obtain the keys.

One evening, being in want of grain, I went to the kitchen as usual for the keys; there was no person there but a little girl about twelve years of age, and I took them down and passed out unobserved; running up to the garret, I got my grain, and with the doctor made all necessary observations. We then left the inner door unlocked, but the outer one we locked as usual, to avoid suspicion. This done, the doctor secured the keys in our room, while I went down and attended to my horses, and returned to my apartment without exciting the least suspicion. How did my heart flutter at the prospect before me! How anxious did I feel for the success of the enterprise before me! How impatient for the hour of attempt!

Every thing remained tranquil and undiscovered through the evening; at nine o'clock the turnkey came his nightly

round; he entered our chamber, looked about, wished us "good night," and retired. We now fancied ourselves secure, and our feelings were highly animated; but, about ten o'clock, we were greatly alarmed by the turnkey, whom we heard unlocking the doors which shut across the passage leading to our room. Terrified, and fearful lest we were discovered, we threw our half-prepared bundles under the bed, and then sat down, apparently deeply engaged in study, to wait the event; but it was only a new prisoner, who was placed in a neighboring room by the turnkey; after performing this duty, he just peeped in upon us, and wished us a second "good night," evidently without the least suspicion of our design—a narrow escape truly.

Feeling no disposition to sleep, we spent the night watching for the moment which was to free us from the gloom of the prison. Every thing remained perfectly silent, save the city watchmen, who occasionally cried, "*All's well*"—a sentiment that truly accorded with our own feelings. At four o'clock, just before the dawn of a new day, the watchmen left their various posts, and retired; then was our favorable moment, while darkness still overspread the face of nature, and men were still locked in the arms of slumber. Taking our bundles, we carefully unlocked the door of the garret, which we effected with little noise; next, we secured the rope to a brace, and dropped it over the eaves of the building; these, being covered with tin, made considerable noise, and we paused a moment, fearing we had alarmed the sentry, who was in the yard at no great distance. Happily he did not hear us. I was so transported with prospect of liberty and freedom, and so afraid of being hindered, that I told the doctor I would not take my bundle; he urged me, and bade me take it by all means; but, without attending

I seized the rope, and was speedily in the street below where I retired to a short distance to await my companion. P. 274

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to his wishes, I seized the rope, and was speedily in the street below, where I retired to a short distance to await my companion. He was somewhat longer in descending, having encumbered himself with my bundle; thus burdened, he had but one hand at liberty to descend with on the rope; he had contrived to place it between his feet at starting, but, on turning the eaves, his feet slipped, and he slid down the whole four stories with one hand only. The suddenness of his descent fired the rope before he half reached the bottom, so that he nearly lost his hold, and narrowly escaped a deadly fall. His hand was useless for some time after. Thus did we providentially escape a prison, in which I had been confined two years and two months. Joyfully I bade it a long farewell.

"Dark prison dome, farewell.
How slow the hours
Have told their leaden march within thy walls!
Toil claimed the day, and stern remorse the night;
And every season with a frowning face
Approached, and went unreconciled away.
Ah! who, with virtue's pure, unblenching soul,
Can tell how tardily old Time doth move,
When guilt and punishment have clogged his wings!
The winter of the soul, the frozen brow
Of unpolluted friends, the harrowing pangs
Of the last prayer, learned at the mother's knee,—
The uptorn hope, the violated vow,
The poignant memory of unuttered things,—
Do dwell, dark dome, with him who dwells with thee.
And yet, thou place of woe, I would not speak
Too harshly of thee, since in thy sad cell
Repentance found me, and did steep with tears
My lonely pillow, till the heart grew soft,
And spread itself in brokenness before

Poetry.

The eye of mercy. * * * * * *
* * * * * * But when I view
Once more my home, when mild, forgiving eyes
Shall beam upon me, and the long-lost might
Of freedom nerve my arm, may the strong lines
Of that hard lesson sin hath taught my soul
Gleam like a flaming beacon.
God of heaven!
Who, not for our infirmities or crimes,
Dost turn thy face away, gird thou my soul,
And fortify its purpose, so to run
Its future pilgrim-race, as not to lose
The sinner's ransom at the bar of doom."

CHAPTER VIII.

"———— art thou then
Desolate of friends?"

As the bent bough, relieved of the obnoxious weight that made it droop to earth, springs back to its original position, and yields gracefully to the passing breeze, so my mind, freed from the shadows of the prison walls, and from the weight of a tedious confinement, rejoiced in its own wonderful elasticity; it filled almost to bursting with tumultuous joys; it felt emotions indescribable by language—emotions only to be conceived by those who have experienced them; it was a storm of bliss.

After my companion joined me, we hastily passed out of the city, and without alarm or discovery we reached the suburbs. Here we crossed the river on the ice, which, though it was the 25th of April, (1825,) was still passed by teams. While on the ice, the doctor fell upon his knees, and offered his thanks to Divine Providence for our deliverance. Though I felt equally grateful, I was too anxious to consummate our escape to follow his example, but kept running on, praising God by the way. Such was the mingling of fear and animation, that I scarcely knew what I did: sometimes I hurried the doctor, who, being somewhat advanced in years, could not keep pace with my buoyant footsteps; then I ran on before him, and beckoned him to follow; and again I jumped, laughed, talked, and sung, like one who has taken leave of his reason: frantic with joy, my mind could not retain its balance,

The journey. Proceeds towards the back country. Travels as servant to the doctor.

We determined to travel down the St. Lawrence, among the French population, partly because the circulation of news was very limited and slow in that direction, and partly because our pursuers would not probably suspect us of going by that route, but would naturally conclude that we had gone towards the United States. By sunrise, we reached a piece of woods, from which we had a view of the city and prison. There we paused to look back upon the gloomy walls, which, a short time before, deprived us of liberty, and to imagine the surprise and astonishment of the keepers, when they should discover our absence. We indulged in these imaginations with much merriment, and with frequent bursts of loud and hearty laughter. How pleasant was that hour!—it was the hour of *prime*; the bright sun was riding up the eastern cloud-paths, the songsters of the grove were just beginning to utter their mellow notes, and every thing seemed to us to be rejoicing in our deliverance. That moment was sweet: it reminded me of those morning hours spent in the groves of England, and begat in my mind strong, burning wishes for a return to the hearth of my parents, where I might once more breathe the free air of my country's salubrious clime.

At first, we determined to spend the day in the woods; but the keenness of the morning air compelled us to keep travelling for the sake of warmth; so we pursued our way across the fields into the back country. To prevent suspicion, the doctor proposed to travel as a physician, and I was to attend him in the capacity of a servant. At noon, we dined with a French family, which was the first social meal I had eaten, except in the barracks and in prison, since my departure from England. Towards night we came to a retired spot, where we both united in humble

prayer, and in hearty praise for our deliverance, and ardently prayed for divine guidance in the future. This exercise was peculiarly refreshing to our souls, and we arose from our devotions with increased confidence in God. We then sought a house, and, having found one, put up for the night.

The following night we staid with a friend of the doctor, who had visited him in his confinement. This gentleman had no idea that we had broken jail, but supposed we had been regularly discharged; and as he was not very curious in his enquiries, we did not undeceive him. He hospitably entertained us the next day and night. Our next place of rest was St. Ann's, where was a Roman Catholic church, which was held in high estimation by the inhabitants of this part of Canada. Having heard much of this place from the Catholic prisoners in Quebec, I proposed to visit it, to which my companion assented.

St. Ann's church is held in high and sacred repute by the French Catholics in Canada, as a place from whence many healing virtues were to be derived. It is believed that St. Ann, the patroness of the church, will heal and restore to their original health and bodily perfection any who are sick, lame, or mutilated, who have faith in her power, and will pay their devotions at her shrine. Pity St. Ann's diocese does not extend over the whole country!

As we ascended the church steps, the doctor, in agreement with the custom of the people, knelt down, crossed himself and said a short prayer, while I stood gazing with a sort of superstitious awe at the sacred edifice. Upon entering, the first object that struck my attention was, a number of wooden legs, crutches, staves, &c., hung up in regular rows as ocular demonstrations of the cures wrought by

The road-side crosses. Superstition.

the mystic power of St. Ann. As I entered, my blood chilled, and a shudder of awe crept over my frame. The whole scene was new and overpowering, as I had never seen the splendor of a Catholic church before. On our right was a figure of our blessed Redeemer, nearly as large as life, hanging in a relaxed posture upon the cross, and besmeared with blood. Yielding to my crowding associations of devotional thoughts, I fell upon my knees and prayed, not to the image, but to my Savior—the world's Mediator, who died upon Calvary's bloody summit for my sins.

There is one superstitious observance which is very common in this part of Canada: it may be called their *cross homage*. At short distances, crosses are erected by the road-side, to which the devotee does reverence by pulling off his hat, crossing himself, and saying a short prayer, and sometimes even kneeling at their base. On these idolatrous conveniences are frequently suspended various articles, said to have been used at the crucifixion of the blessed Savior, placed along in order on the cross-piece or horizontal beam of the cross. They also pretend to have the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Master! Astounding superstition! Profound ignorance! How different is the simple worship dictated by the gospel! How opposite is Popery to the gospel! How ruinous its effects upon the interests of man! Reader, look at the fruits of Roman Catholicism. See how it darkens the page of revelation by its mists of false interpretations and dead languages. And how has it spread ignorance over the face of society! Look at its history, full of tyranny and blood. True, the power of the inquisition is nearly lost; but the spirit of that church is unaltered, and its practice would correspond with its pre-

The doctor and I resolve to part. The author lets himself. Dulness of situation.

vious doings, did it not lack the *power*. May we feel thankful for the *pure, unmixed, simple* gospel.

The doctor's profession afforded us ample means of support, as he seldom visited a family without having some ail to relieve for some of its inmates. Unwilling to remain dependant upon his charity, I determined to leave him, and find some honest employment. At first he dissuaded me, but finding my resolves to be firm and decided, he turned his attention towards the procurement of a situation; to avoid detection, he thought it expedient for me to assume another name, which I did calling myself Thomas Ellencourt.

Arriving at a large farm in the parish of St. Joachim, about thirty miles below Quebec, my companion inquired if they wished to hire. After some conversation, and an abundance of recommendation from the doctor, I agreed to work for the owner for *fifteen shillings* per month. This was low wages, but it was rather out of season to hire then, and the man said he hired me more out of charity than from need of my services. The highest wages paid in that vicinity was only four dollars per month. The bargain being made, I accompanied the doctor a short distance, when, after promising to see me in two months if practicable, he bade me an affectionate farewell.

My first task was to chop wood; but at this I was very awkward, and could accomplish but very little, as it was my first attempt at such work. Upon this, and in consideration of my weak and fragile appearance, they soon gave me lighter and easier work. My situation, however, soon became irksome, as I found none with whom I could converse in my own tongue, except an old Englishman, who, in early life had been a soldier, but who, from thirty years

residence among the French, had almost lost the use of his native language. He was my only companion; and life without society soon became intolerably dull.

The family were rigid Catholics, and required of all their domestics the strictest conformity to the outward *formula* of their religion. The first time I entered their church, being ignorant of almost all their ceremonies, I did as is done in all Protestant churches; seeing myself the object of the laughter of the people, I looked around to divine the cause, when I saw that each person, as he entered, dipped his finger in a basin of water, and crossed himself with it, and then, in a mumbling manner repeated an unknown prayer: afterwards, though it was somewhat galling to my feelings, and was evidently wrong, I followed their example, and ever after passed currently among them as a good Catholic.

Much might be said of the character and morals of the people among whom I resided. They were extremely ignorant, knowing but little of the Deity, or of *themselves;* they went to their worship like saints, and acted like devils on their return. They frequently held a *vendue* at the church doors on the Sabbath, the priest himself being sometimes a bidder! Sporting, fiddling, and dancing, were their amusements after the solemnities of the holy day. I discovered no common schools among them, nor anything that indicated even a desire to gain or communicate intelligence, and but a very few of them could either read or write. But, inquires the reader how came they into this deplorable condition? The answer is clear: It is consistent with the very genius of Popery to keep the *mass* of its subjects as ignorant as possible; and why? Because, like despotism, it can only exist where ignorance reigns; and therefore the

wily ecclesiastics labor to prevent the growth of knowledge.

Should intelligence universally spread among the Catholics, it would be to Popery as a fearful anathema—an executed curse. How carefully do they hide the Bible from the open gaze of their people, where the penetrating eye of Protestantism does not watch them, and expose them to the public! In its stead they demand implicit belief in the sayings of unholy priests, whom, with the pope, the lower classes of Catholics believe to be infallible. How easy to lead such a people astray! to bind chains of steel upon their limbs!

The unsanctified conduct of this people, together with my own indecision, brought me into a backslidden state, and I soon lost my confidence in my Savior; communion with God was at an end. O sad relapse, in so short a time! Well may we exclaim, Alas, poor human nature!

Having learned that the farm where I labored belonged to the seminary of priests at Quebec, I became alarmed for my safety; especially when I learned that they frequently visited the farm, and as I knew that some of them had seen me in prison. Other causes also combined to excite my fears. My clothing bore the word *Jail*, or rather had borne it, in large letters of white paint: these I had carefully scraped off with a knife, and it would have taken strict and close scruitiny to discover them. To remove this dangerous clew to my real character, as soon as my wages were sufficient, I purchased some very common garments, and, retiring into the woods, buried my prison clothing deep in the ground, beneath the roots of a large tree

Another little incident gave me extreme uneasiness. My employer had a son who resided at Quebec, but who occasionally visited the family. As he could speak English

A fellow-prisoner. The prison baker.

very fluently, they used to order me into their room to talk with him for their amusement. Once he returned almost immediately after a visit, and my fears ever alive, construed his return into a discovery of my relation to the government. These fears were wrought to the highest pitch, when the gentleman called me and said I must go in, for his son had brought home some newspapers, and I must read them. Suspecting foul play, I hesitated whether to obey or run away; but fearing to excite suspicion, I obeyed his wish, determined, if detected, to struggle mightily for my escape. But there was no cause for alarm; they had not the remotest suspicion of my history, and the papers contained no advertisements concerning my escape from prison.

Shortly after this little occurrence, I went to church as usual on the Sabbath, where, to my utter astonishment, I saw a gentleman who had been confined for debt in Quebec jail, and who, of course, knew me perfectly well. Without betraying my feelings, I hastened home in a very agitated and painful state of mind. To stay there any longer was dangerous, and to leave was equally so, as I was profoundly ignorant of the geography of the surrounding country, and had no way of crossing the St. Lawrence without exposing my life. What to do I scarcely knew, but, on the whole, determined to await the return of the doctor, resolving to keep myself as retired as possible.

The next Sabbath I declined attending church; but the family began to abuse me with high indignation and hard words, calling me a *dog*, a *heathen*, &c. To escape this fire, I accompanied them, though with a palpitating heart. When arrived there, I was more than ever confounded, by seeing the *baker* who used to supply the prison with bread, and who had frequently seen me. As before, I retired with

great trepidation, for he was looking towards me as I entered; whether he recognized me, or not, I cannot tell; but it is pretty certain, if I had remained, that he would have done so, and the frowning walls of Quebec jail would again have enclosed my weary frame.

These repeated alarms determined me to run off into some other part of the country, and I resolved to do so, that same evening; but while sitting in the house, meditating upon my plan, two hired men belonging to the family came in, talking together in French, and in a low, confidential tone. To my suspicious mind, it seemed as if they were talking about the absconding of two men from prison, whom they suspected to be the doctor and myself. Anxious to understand their conversation, I crept close to them, when they ceased talking. Leaving them, I lay down on my bed, not intending to undress, but to get up, and escape from their hands in the night; but soon after, they asked me if I had gone to bed. I told them, "No." "Then," said they, "you had better do it."

Fearing from this remark that they designed to watch me, it seemed useless to attempt to get away that night; so I submitted to my supposed fate, and went to bed to spend a very unhappy night; but hearing no more of their talk, I concluded that my fears were the mere creations of my own mind, and felt more at ease, until my employer asked me, if I were ever a soldier, to which I returned a disdainful negative.

These circumstances confirmed me in my conviction of the necessity of leaving the place; and happily I soon found an opportunity. While busily engaged in chopping wood, one of the hired men came running towards me in great haste, and said in French,

The doctor relates his adventures.

"Thomas, you must come home; there is a gentleman wants to see you."

"Who is it wants to see me?" I responded, while an alternate flush of heat and cold passed over my frame.

"A gentleman," said he; "who it is I can't tell."

Upon this, my face became pale as death with agitation, which the man perceiving, said,

"It is the doctor."

Not understanding him, and thinking he said the *turnkey*, my terror increased, and the dictate of my heart was to run, when the man again said,

"It is the doctor who came here with you."

This was news indeed; it scattered all my fears in a moment, lighted up my countenance with joy, and lifted an intolerable weight from my soul. With haste and delight I hurried to the river-side, where he still remained in the boat, ready to escape if my character had been detected. Our joy was mutual; mine was almost as ecstatic as on the night of my escape; the gratification of both was extreme, and after the usual inquiries respecting health, &c., we proceeded to state our experiences since our separation.

The doctor had been down the St. Lawrence about one hundred miles. While practising in one place, he was recognized as a runaway prisoner by an individual who betrayed his knowledge by the closeness of his inquiries. To pacify him, the doctor politely promised him a visit the next morning, but immediately hired a man to conduct him up the river in a boat that night. He had also been at Quebec to purchase a fresh stock of medicine, and while in the act of purchasing, the jailer's wife entered the store; it being dark, he escaped notice by turning his head and leaving the shop. One of his old friends informed him that our

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The boat being in readiness, my faithful friend and guide commended me to the protection of heaven while our hands remained clasped as if unwilling to let each other go.

P. 29

unceremonious departure excited a mighty uproar in the city on the day of our escape, and thousands of citizens went to look at the window from whence we descended.

The next morning I left my employer, and we proceeded to the island of Orleans, where the doctor was called to attend a sick lady, and where he intended to remain for some time; he wished me also to stay with him. This I positively refused to do, as it was my intention to reach the United States as soon as possible. Finding he could not prevail upon me to stay, the next morning he engaged two men to carry me to St. Thomas, a distance of eight miles.

On my departure, the faithful doctor, with his eyes filled with tears, gave me the true kiss of friendship, and wished me peace and prosperity; in return I thanked him for his constant kindness, and wished him corresponding blessings. The scene was interesting: it was friendship's parting—the separation of hearts which grew together in adversity. As our eyes poured forth their briny streams, our hands remained clasped, as if unwilling to let each other go. At last he commended me to the care of Heaven, and we parted —perhaps forever.

Never will that hour be blotted out from the pages of my memory; it was the last link of a precious friendship—a friendship genuine, and seldom paralleled. My mind loves to dwell upon him as the instrument of Divine Providence in effecting my deliverance from infamy, destitution, and suffering. The singular circumstance that first united us, the success we met with on the night of our escape, and this last interposition, all conspire to convince me that he was the instrument of God's mercy in my behalf. Long as I live, his name and friendship will live in my remembrance, and the sincerest gratitude will accompany the recollection.

The journey. Groundless alarm. Passes Quebec.

About noon I landed at St. Thomas, and travelled on towards Quebec, though on the opposite side of the river. Fearful of discovery, being only eighteen miles from the city, I walked but slowly, and after a few hours secreted myself in the woods, intending to pass Quebec in the night. Towards night I called at a house, and procuring refreshment, proceeded on my way. It was now dark; not a noise disturbed the air, but all was hushed in silence and tranquility. While proceeding on my journey, I suddenly approached a female form bowed before one of the numerous crosses erected on the way-side; this sight, to my timid feelings, was an omen of gladness and peace.

Coming to a low swamp, I was greatly alarmed by perceiving the air to be filled with almost innumerable sparks: as I proceeded they increased, until it seemed to me that the woods were full of fire, occasioned, as I at first imagined, by the dark agency of the devil. As the sparks flitted close to my person, I at length mustered sufficient courage to try to catch one with my hand. This effort, after repeated trials, succeeded; and, upon examination, I found it to be a species of bug, which, fearing it were poisonous, I threw away. As the reader is aware, this was nothing but the common fire-fly, or lightning-bug, which, though perfectly harmless, and to native Americans familiar, was to me a perfect stranger, and very alarming.

At ten o'clock I was opposite the city of my imprisonment, Quebec, where every thing was calm and silent, save the waters of the river, which smacked playfully against the sides of the vessels that lay at anchor in the noble St. Lawrence. Soon it lay far behind me, and I continued my journey unmolested, save by the numerous and savage dogs, who frequently assailed me, to my no small disquietude and

A pleasant rencontre. A disagreeable rencounter.

discomfort. The next morning several miles stretched their distance between me and the city; but still fearing apprehension, I prosecuted my journey the whole of the next day.

At the end of two days' tedious walking, a gentleman, who spoke English, told me that by a new road the way to the United States was much shortened. Following his directions, I arrived about noon at a log-house, where I stopped for refreshment and rest. This hut—for it deserved no higher name—was owned by an Englisman from Wakefield, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. We met as countrymen in a strange land; and, being both from the same part of the wave-washed isle, we entered into a very animated conversation about the places we had seen, our homes, and all the *et ceteras* which generally engage the attention of wanderers in a distant clime.

While thus pleasantly engaged, we were interrupted by a man, who, after asking me some questions, charged me with being a sailor, and with having run away from my ship. In reply to my denial, he cursed and swore like an infidel, probably supposing he might terrify me into a confession, and then gain a few dollars by securing my apprehension. Finding this trick failed him, he left me to pursue my journey, which I speedily recommenced after this rencounter. Passing through a piece of woods thirteen miles in length, I put up at a log-cabin for the night. After partaking of a little coarse food, I lay down upon the hard floor and sought repose; this, however, was out of the question, such was the abundance of mosquitoes and black flies that kept up their constant attacks: stern necessity drove me to the work of self-defence that night, and robbed me of the refreshment of sleep.

My road was now exceedingly difficult; it appeared to

have been once cut out, and again overgrown with underbrush, and was in many places impeded by numerous windfalls. At the close of a half-day's travel the road terminated, and I was bewildered; after a while, however, the track of an ox was discernible, which conducted me to a clearing; inquiring at the house, they informed me that I was on the banks of the St. Francis River. Thus ended a journey of twenty-six miles through the woods.

Seven shillings and sixpence comprised my whole exchequer when the doctor and myself parted; this was now exhausted, and it appeared essential to replenish it as early as practicable; and as it was many miles to Quebec, and in a somewhat retired part of the country, it appeared to me that it was politic to seek employment. With this view, I let myself to a man named Abercrombie, in K———, twelve miles below Shipton.

Here, venturing somewhat rashly into the St. Francis, I narrowly escaped drowning—an accident which produced a temporary seriousness, and, by calling up my former experience, led me to pray a few times; but my impressions passed like oil over marble, leaving no permanent impression.

The following anecdote may be amusing to the reader. Walking one day through the woods, on an errand for my employer, musing on various topics, I espied something in the bushes that looked very curious; supposing it to be a knot on one of the young trees, and anxious to secure it for a walking-stick, I placed my hand upon it to see whether it was of a convenient size, and to ascertain its solidity; in doing this, the ball broke beneath the pressure of my hand, and a host of angry hornets stung me in the forehead, in revenge for my assault upon their nest.

This little incident led me to indulge in many useful

Reaches the United States. An old desire gratified.

reflections; thus, thought I, are men allured by the fascinating appearance of the world; they grasp after it as for a prize, and ere they are aware, they are stung to the very quick by the vipers it conceals. The world is a hornet's nest, and its sting will ruin the immortal soul, if it be not healed by the precious balm of Gilead.

About the 20th of October I left my employer, and proceeded towards the United States; but, reflecting on my need of more clothing, at the end of a day's travel I again let myself. There I remained about six weeks, when I again set out for the States, resolving not to stop short of reaching that soil of freedom. In two days I crossed the boundary line that divides the Canadas from the United States of America; and so rejoiced did I feel for the consciousness that my feet pressed the sods of Columbia, that I would fain have kissed the soil on which I stood. Now, said my hopeful imagination, liberty and happiness await me under the protection of the EAGLE'S WING—a feeling none can know who have not felt the pressure of the *paw* of the LION.

The desire which had been lighted up in my young bosom in the earlier periods of my life, had never been extinguished by the floods and trials through which I had passed, but it had brightened, and burned vigorously up to the moment that gave birth to my *republican liberty*. Unto God, who guided me by his omnipotent hand, be *endless praises!*

CHAPTER IX.

"Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land,
The voices of thy kindred band,
O! midst them all, when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart."

HEMANS.

To the reader who has patiently toiled with me through the numerous changes and trials of my past life, I shall offer no apology for conducting him through another chapter, by giving him a brief account of the providences which have befallen me up to the present time.

Having resumed my original and proper name, I determined, as I trod the confines of the republic, to begin my life anew, and to regulate my conduct by the strictest principles of virtue and integrity. To facilitate my design, I resolved to learn a trade, as my age was only twenty years. For this purpose it appeared proper to direct my steps towards the Atlantic cities, as affording the greatest facilities for the accomplishment of my purpose; but shortly after, arriving at Waterford in Vermont, a gentleman told me that a fellow-countryman resided about two miles from the village, named Furby, a cabinet-maker. Accordingly I called upon him in the morning, and partook of his early meal. At first he felt disposed to engage me as his apprentice; but being ignorant of my character, he declined. He advised me to call upon another Englishman, who lived in the village, named Bellamy, a Methodist preacher by profession.

Calling upon Mr. Bellamy, and stating to him my de-

sire, he gave me a very cordial reception; and a warm attachment, such as countrymen should ever feel, was soon mutually conceived. He told me of an opportunity to acquire the saddler's business, as one Mr. Cobb wanted an apprentice to that trade. The next day I waited on Mr. Cobb, and he agreed to take me a month on trial. At the expiration of that term, if both parties were satisfied, he was to take me as his apprentice. The month expired, and we formed an agreement, by which he was to teach me his business, on condition of my devoting three years of my life to his service.

While in this place, my mind was powerfully aroused to a consideration of my spiritual danger—to a sense of guilt for having wandered from the good and the right way. So strong and deep were the monitions of the Holy Spirit, that rest forsook my heart, and peace and sleep fled from my pillow, and left me a sinner, wretched and forlorn. By promising to be pious at some distant day, my heart, my wicked heart labored to evade the force of these convictions, despite of my fears and alarms lest, after all, I should everlastingly perish. Thus many weeks witnessed my indecision, until, in the month of September, when, at a camp-meeting held at Concord, Vermont, about four miles from Waterford, my mind was led by Divine Goodness to decide to seek religion at once, as the great essential of my life. I thought I would obtain this precious blessing before the close of the meeting, if it could be obtained by effort.

On the second day of the meeting, I attended in company with Thomas Bellamy, a son of Mr. B., who has since become an able minister of the New Testament. He was also a backslider, and such was his indisposition to serious things, that we soon parted company after our arrival at

the place of prayer. The solemn appeals of the preachers pierced my heart and increased the trouble of my mind to such a degree, as made me feel forsaken of God and man. I retired into the woods to pray, but was followed by an overpowering temptation, which whispered, "Your sins are too great to be forgiven; and if you dare to pray, the Almighty will crush you in a moment!" But the remembrance of the precious promises contained in the Bible scattered the temptation, and encouraged my mind, as it heard the Savior, say in his word, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Kneeling beside a log, I prayed, but without experiencing any special relief or consolation.

At a class-meeting held that evening in the Lancaster tent, an invitaion was given to those who were anxious for their souls' salvation, to manifest it by going forward for prayers. At first, none arose, although the tent was crowded with persons yet in their sins: at last, rising from my feet, I told the people that *I* was determined to get religion if it were to be obtained; many others then came forward, and we all joined in solemn prayer to God the Father of Spirits; many found peace, and went away rejoicing. My mind though not wholly relieved, was comforted, and I left the tent deeply convinced of the value of religion, and the necessity of speedily obtaining it.

On my way home, I reflected on my newly-formed resolves, and felt more strongly confirmed in my determination to perform them forthwith. From that night I began to practise the duties of Christianity, and to cultivate a further acquaintance with the word of God. Not having much leisure to devote to study, I used to spend some time every night after nine o'clock reading the Bible on my

knees—an employment which proved to be very instructive and profitable.

To assist me in improving my mind, my friend Mr. B. permitted me to lodge at his house, and have access to his library—a privilege I indulged until midnight. As my experience increased, my unbelief gave way, and I obtained a clear and undoubted evidence, that God, for Christ's sake, had blotted out my sins, and adopted me into his family. O, bless the Lord for his pardoning mercy—for his renewing grace. Truly my soul was a brand plucked out of the fire. O, glory to God! Hallelujah to the lamb!

Being desirous of attaching myself to the visible church of my Master, and conceiving the doctrines and usages of the Methodists to be strictly in accordance with the spirit and doctrines of the gospel, I was received into the class at Waterford, on the usual probation of six months, by the Rev. Chauncy Richardson.

Continuing to study the way of Salvation, and to meditate on the state of a perishing world, my heart burned with a desire to warn poor sinners to flee from the wrath to come; and by punctually attending every means of grace, and by praying and exhorting to the best of my ability, my poor heart was greatly blessed and watered by the Great Shepherd of the sheep, the Bishop of souls.

On one occasion Providence called me to visit an aged gentleman and lady, who were both on the borders of the grave. My labors with them were greatly blessed, both to their souls and my own; they were both awakened, and led back to him from whom they had wandered. This, and other circumstances, moved me to ask if it were not my duty to improve my gift in public; and my mind was soon impressed with a strong conviction that it was my duty to

Removes to Bradford. The author is desirous to preach.

preach the everlasting gospel. My weakness and ignorance made me shrink from the task; but I nevertheless determined to seek out the will of God, by watching the openings of Providence, and also to follow that will, whatever it might be.

The following February Mr. Cobb and myself parted by mutual agreement, and I left Waterford to seek further employment. At Bradford, Vt., I found business in the shop of a Mr. Corliss. By presenting my certificate the class received me into its bosom, the first Sabbath after my arrival. Here I enjoyed many blessed privileges among my Christian brethren, especially in the family of my employer, the heads of which were sincere and devoted followers of the Savior. Among my other advantages was the use of the town library, which was kept at my employer's house, he being librarian.

During my stay in this place, my mind was again powerfully exercised upon the subject of preaching, and the more I resisted the impression, the stronger it became. After much fervent prayer, I disclosed my feelings to those who knew me best, and they thought it to be my duty to go forward. Still I was unwilling, my talents and information were so limited; when it was suggested that many able ministers of the gospel, whose talents and services now do honor to the church and themselves, began young and feeble as myself, but who, by pursuing a course of untiring study, and by the aid of divine grace, had risen to celebrity and usefulness. Encouraged by such considerations, I divulged my feelings and views to the Rev. P. C. Richmond, the preacher in charge, who advised me to go forward and improve in exhortation and prayer. He then furnished me with his written permission to exercise my gift as an *exhorter*,

Having now no excuse for further refraining from duty, an appointment for a meeting was made for me in the village for a week-day evening lecture. When the day arrived, the clergyman of a neighboring church called at my shop, and after transacting his business with my employer, he turned to me and questioned me rather sarcastically about my preaching that evening. He told me I had better attend some theological institution before I attempted to preach, together with many other things to discourage and deter me from going forward in my duty. Though somewhat staggered by his attack at first, I determined, on reflection, to make the attempt, believing the grace of God in a warm heart to be a greater assistance than all the learning of books and colleges, which, however, I believe to be greatly advantageous to a gospel minister.

That evening I entered the sacred desk with much trepidation, and spoke to a large and attentive congregation, from Mark x. 17 : " Good master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life ? " The Lord was manifestly present, and blessed me abundantly ; and from that time to the present I have continued to labor in the vineyard of my blessed Redeemer, as faithfully as my small abilities have permitted.

From Bradford I removed to Lisbon, N. H., and entered the employ of Mr. Stevens, on Sugar Hill, the 28th of the following May. Here there was no class of Methodists within five miles, and I was consequently deprived of the fellowship of my brethren. However, I devoted myself to the duties of my profession with the utmost punctuality, and, having been received into full membership by the church at Lisbon, and had my commission renewed as an exhorter, I went forward proclaiming the Lamb of God un-

to all who came in my way. To increase my qualifications, I adopted a systematic course of living; devoting my business hours strictly to my employer, and my leisure to the improvement of my mind by study. As an assistant, I procured a copy of Dr. Adam Clarke's invaluable Commentary, together with some other theological works, which gave me much important information.

So reserved were my manners, that many doubtless took occasion to think me scornful or proud, though my reserve originated in a desire to prevent myself from being drawn away by the example and conversation of the ungodly, who surrounded me on every hand. This caution was doubly necessary from the fact that Mr. S. sold spirituous liquors, which drew into his shop many wicked and profane men, who, when the fumes of their drams had filled their brains, talked over their grog-shop divinity until their conversation was loathsomely disgusting. How often the debased drunkard, poor and penniless, talked as if he were a wealthy man, a profound statesman, or a devoted Christian!

What a miserable picture of depravity does a drunkard present to the observing eye! Should the drunkard see this, he is entreated to pause and reflect upon his character and prospects. Consider, dear, deluded one, that by drunkenness you lower yourself beneath the poor brute whose labor furnishes you with the means of indulging your appetite. Think; you are murdering your soul, and ruining your family, if, indeed, you have not done it already. Let conscience speak, and, as she speaks, give ear and turn your feet into the right way, and thou shalt save thy blood-bought soul from hell. O, may the happy day soon arrive when this "*liquid fire*," this "*distilled damnation*,"—for it deserves no better name,—shall be banished into the oblivious deep,

from whence may it never more return to intoxicate the brains of men!

Thus beset by profane characters, I could but frequently administer the word of reproof, for which they returned me volleys of fearful oaths and dreadful imprecations, though ultimately it prevented some of them from swearing in my presence.

Another and most strange source of persecution was my adherence to study, which many thought to be inconsistent with the character of a minister of the gospel; contending that he ought to preach entirely by inspiration! These ignorant persons circulated a report that I had a large number of prayer and sermon books, from which I committed to memory all my public improvements. This silly report, though it injured me for a time, soon met with its deserved fate. Though deprived of the fellowship of my brethren in the church of my choice, yet I enjoyed many privileges with my Free-will Baptist friends, whose evidences of brotherly love and affection I shall ever remember. But this love and fellowship at length declined, as was apparent by the conduct of many. The occasion of this declension I could never imagine, unless it was that they believed the false reports concerning my prayer and sermon books. Of any other cause I was never sensible, as, on a strict examination of all my conduct, I could discover nothing in word or action that could be construed into a just ground of offence.

These circumstances were, however, a source of trial to my mind, and I looked around in vain among the hundreds who surrounded me for a companion; amid them all I was *alone* and solitary; and I naturally sighed for an opportunity to change my relation in life, and seek a partner who should relieve my loneliness; for now, there were none into whose

bosoms I could pour out my sorrows, from whose sympathies encouragement could be derived, or with whom I could claim kindred. Like the poet, I could say,

> "There are no friends or fathers here,
> Nor spouses kind to smile on me;
> A brother's voice I cannot hear;
> A mother's form I never see;
> A sister's love I may not share,
> While here in *exile* still I roam.
> O, could I breathe my native air
> Beneath that dear ancestral dome.
> I'd rest content
> Till life was spent,
> Nor seek abroad a better home."

About this time, I wrote a letter to my parents, informing them of my state and prospects, and expostulating with them for their supposed neglect in not answering my previous letters, supposing they had not answered them, through being offended with my former conduct; this, however, proved not to be the case, as will hereafter appear.

As I continued to improve my gift, my acquaintance with neighboring families enlarged. Among my especial acquaintance was the family of Mr. N. Judd, who, although they ranked among the mediocrity of the honest and industrious, were rich in faith, and in the knowledge of divine things. My first introduction to this family was in the month of August, 1827, and in April following, I was married to Susannah, their daughter.

A few weeks previous to my marriage, a gentleman informed me that there was a letter in the post-office for me, and as it was directed to North America, he concluded that it was from England. Hastening to obtain it, it proved to

be from my father; and as it may give the reader an idea of his feelings, it is here inserted.

"FRAMPTON, *December* 1, 1827.

"My dear Son,

"I received your letter, dated October 6th, 1827, and I am very much surprised that you have not received any letter from me, which is the cause of your most unhappy complaint. I have received many letters from you, to which I have immediately sent answers. Your information that you have not received any since you left the Isle of Wight, gives me but poor satisfactian. The cause of these failures is, no doubt, owing to the great distance which separates us from each other; and my letters have probably been lost on the way.

"Dear son, your request has been gratified, in that I have attentively perused your letter; and in the first place, I commend you to God, and pray earnestly that he may be your guide, protector, and redeemer; that you may honor and fear him all your life, be a useful and dignified member of society, and, eventually, that we may all meet in heaven, where nothing shall separate us from that union and felicity which have been purchased for us by our blessed Redeemer.

"Let me also affectionately advise you, as you have escaped your unpleasant condition and situation, for one of a more social and endearing character, to preserve it with deep-felt gratitude. Use every effort to make it agreeable to you, and be content in those fortunate circumstances in which providence and the mercy of God have placed you.

"You will accept the ardent love and best wishes of your parents, and also the same sentiment of respect from all the family. We should be glad to see you return to your native

land, which may God grant. This leaves us all enjoying good health, except your mother, whose weak constitution obliges me to say that at times her health is very precarious. Your cousin, James L———, of S———, died about twelve months ago. Your brother J——— is no better of his lameness. May this find you in the enjoyment of health; and, O, may God be with my transmarine son! and bless and save you in his heavenly kingdom, which is the prayer of, dear son,

"Your affectionate father,

"WILLIAM LIGHTON."

The perusal of this letter had no small influence over my feelings; it was the first news I had received from my dear parents for seven long years; it relieved me of the idea that they did not care for my welfare, which had long been a load of sorrow on my heart. Since that time, I have received two or three communications from them every year; and nothing subsists between us but feelings of the most perfect friendship and cordial affection.

My term of hire having expired, I went to live with my wife's father, according to a previous agreement; and, as he was considerably advanced in life, and somewhat infirm in body, I took his farm, and agreed to support him and his partner through life: in addition to the farm, I received ninety-six dollars a year, being the amount of a pension he received, as a reward for services rendered during the revolutionary war.

Thus situated, we lived in the most harmonious and happy manner, a perfect contrast to the misery of my former days. Then I was the subject of the most inexpressible hardships, doomed to bear the frowns of tyrants, and the insults of covetous masters; now, thanks to a merciful Providence, I

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DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Thus situated we lived in the most harmonious and happy manner, a perfect contrast to the misery of my former days

P.M.

was freed from my oppressors, had a happy home, and enjoyed the best of human comforts, a pious and godly companion, who was dear to me as my own soul. Added to this, I was amid friends, whose generous kindness will ever endear them to my memory, and had neighbors, who had a high regard for the things of God, and whose hearts were touched with a Savior's love. These were blessings once foreign to my expectations, but now enjoyed in fond reality. O, what shall I render to God for all his goodness towards me?

A few months after I wrote my answer to my father's first letter, I received the following from him, which I beg leave to insert, as it breathes so much of the spirit of affection and love:—

"FRAMPTON, ENG., *October* 15, 1828.

"Dear Son,

"Your kind letter was received with great pleasure, and, O, what inexpressible joy I have had in perusing it, to find that you received my letters at last, after the numbers I have sent these seven years! It affords me much happiness to find you are enjoying good health, and also that you are married; but above all it fills my soul with the greatest possible satisfaction to hear that you love your God and Savior, and feel a deep interest for his glory. O, may the Lord bless and preserve you unto his holy kingdom.

* * * * * * * *

"I should like to accept your invitation and emigrate to America, but my *home*, my *native isle*, has a *charm* almost too powerful to admit of a separation, in this my advanced stage of life. As yet, I know not how I shall act. I am not able to determine, at present, so as to give you a satisfactory answer, but return you my sincere thanks for your tenderness towards me. * * * * *

The author licensed to preach. More communications from England.

"In closing this, I commend you to Almighty God, who alone is able to watch over and bring you to his kingdom.—O, may he bless and enlighten you as to your duty, that you may live a devoted and useful life. We are all well, and all join in giving our love to you, and your dear wife, and her relatives, praying, if we should never meet each other on earth, we may be so unspeakably happy as to meet in heaven, to receive a crown of glory, where we may mingle our friendly souls in praising God forever, through Jesus Christ.

"I am, dear son,
"Your very affectionate father,
"WILLIAM LIGHTON."

Having continued to improve as an exhorter for about two years, with the advice of my brethren, I obtained a license *to preach* at a quarterly meeting conference, held at Lisbon, April 25, 1829, the Rev. John Lord presiding elder. With this renewal of my commission, I felt the vast importance of honoring it to the glory of God. May he forbid that I should ever be slack in warning the wicked to flee from the wrath to come. Save me, O Lord, from every principle of error, from the love of the world, and from every thing else that cannot bear to be tested by thy holy word, and by the things of eternity.

After receiving my license as a preacher, I again wrote to my parents, acquainting them with the interesting fact. They returned me the following answer the next December:—

"FRAMPTON, near Boston, *August* 8, 1829.

"Dearly beloved Son,

"I began to think the time long since I received a

letter from you; but the time has arrived in which I have received yours: it came to hand August 7th, 1829. Nothing gives me more satisfaction than to hear from you; believe me, my son, when I say it is a happiness I enjoy above every other pleasure of the world. Yes, thank God, I can now retire to my closet, and hold converse with my dutiful son, while I read your epistles. O, what a delightful hour! How much I am obligated to praise the Lord, who has permitted me to see this moment! The pleasure I have received from perusing your kind letter, has animated and filled my soul with such exquisite happiness as words cannot express. And why all this joy and gratitude but because I have reason to believe my long-lost son is found; that you love God, and the way of life and salvation; but above all, that you are favored, by God's blessing and mercy, with the privilege of preaching the gospel of the Son of God? O, this is too much for a father to bear! So thoughtless were you about your soul before, and so regardless of friendly advice, and leaving the bosom of friends and home, as you did,—who can help rejoicing? Ah, who could have thought of such a change? Truly, 'with God all things are possible.'

"With this feeling of soul, I eagerly seize my pen to communicate with you, in the form of a letter, and hasten to lose no time in so pleasing an employ. I have much to say by way of encouragement to you; but I cannot express myself. Let me advise you to be humble; abstain from every thing that does not bear the impress of that blessed gospel you profess to preach. Live near to God, and then I have no fears concerning your prosperity and usefulness.

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The author urges his parents to emigrate.

"May the God of peace be with you, and keep you from all danger through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"I remain

"Your most affectionate father,

"WILLIAM LIGHTON."

The contents of this letter filled me with the highest concern for the general happiness of my father and his family, and I wrote to him an impressive reply, urging him very strongly to emigrate to this country, and begged him most seriously not to delay, but to proceed hither forthwith. One of his answers to this appeal is as follows :—

FRAMPTON, *October* 31, 1831.

"My dear Son,

"I received your most greatful and intelligent letter. dated June 10th, and am truly enamored with your simplicity and kind treatment; it breathes a sincerity too powerful to be doubted, that fills me with true parental affection and sincere respect to a loving and dutiful son now in a transmarine state.

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"I received your kind invitation with warm emotion, and should like to come to America to pass the rest of my life with you in your free republican country, where peace and retirement alone can be found to refresh and relieve the suffering sons of oppression. But, my son, the thought of leaving home and friends to traverse the ocean in quest of a more free country, at this age of my life might be probably an imprudent step. I know not what to say any further upon the subject, but would give you my hearty thanks for your kind invitation, and pray the Lord he may, by his divine influence, bring us to heaven, where waves and billows

shall no more rise between us, to obstruct us from the enjoyment of our beloved fraternity.

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"Your most affectionate father,

"WILLIAM LIGHTON."

Finding that my letter did not produce its intended effect, but merely set him to reflecting upon my proposition, I wrote again upon the same subject, to which I received the following reply :—

FRAMPTON, *September* 2, 1833.

"Affectionate Son,

"Through the blessing of God, we received your communication, dated April 24th, 1833. Your argument for me to come over to you is very strong and sincere ; but I cannot at present, determine so as to give you any decisive satisfaction about the subject. Yet, let me tell you, my dear son, the ties of parental affection are so strong as almost, at times, to induce me to resolve upon the undertaking. I should be very happy to see you all, and to enjoy sweet solace, and end my days in your *free* and *happy* country, and in the bosom of an affectionate and greatful son ; but the distance seems too far, and the journey accompanied with a degree of mental anxiety and danger, which are the only difficulties that seem to prevent that happy meeting, which would be accompanied with all the feelings of an affectionate father.

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"Our country is progressing in oppression and wretchedness, which almost induces me to believe its fate is fixed. The reform bill has proved a dead letter, at least at present ; in consequence of this failure, the people have turned

a deaf ear to all plans of reformation. What will be the consequence, I know not, but I fear it will result in a bloody contest. May the Lord have mercy upon us, and deliver us from the evil. We are all in sentiment as usual, and enjoying good health. Accept our love and best wishes. Write at every opportunity; and may the propitious smiles of our heavenly Father attend you and your beloved family forever, which is the prayer of, dear son,

"Your most affectionate father,

WILLIAM LIGHTON."

About April of this year, 1833, I was visited with a very serious affliction in my temporal circumstances, and thus most effectually taught the mutability of all earthly things. For five years I had lived in the connubial bond with the utmost content and happiness. Providence had blessed me with a young family of three children, a son and two daughters. Being located in a situation where my trade was of but little service, and feeling disposed to devote myself to it more exclusively, I concluded to sell my farm, and establish myself where it would be of more value.

I sold my farm to a Mr. M'Bain Jamison, a man who had hitherto been upright and of whose honesty I had not the remotest doubt; hence I confidently reposed my property in his hands with no other security than his notes. Knowing he had obtained the command of my farm, some poor, miserable, notorious wretches influenced him to sell it and leave the country. He did so, and out of seven hundred dollars, the price of my little farm, I lost five hundred and twenty-five. He proceeded with his family to the west where, for aught I know, he is at present,

Moral effect of temporal trials. Reflections.

This unfortunate occurrence threw me into deep trouble; it came like a winter's cloud over my mind, and darkened my rising prospects of comfort and prosperity. However, by the grace of God, I was enabled to pursue a course which in every respect promoted my welfare. Though somewhat involved, it can be said, to the honor of my creditors, that they never injured so much as a hair of my head. Truly, the lord is merciful and good, in that he overrules every thing for my peace. I truly pity the man who injured me, and those who influenced him; and with all their gain I am still better off than they, for I possess a conscience clear from guilt. My prayer to God is, that they may repent of the evil they have done, and be saved.

The ensuing fall I hired a house in the town of Landaff, about five miles from my former residence, where aided by the smiles of an indulgent Heaven, I have been blessed far beyond my expectations with food and raiment, and, what is better than all, with spiritual prosperity. Truly, my loss has been sanctified; it has taught me the utter fallacy of all earthly dependences, and led me to trust supremely in Him who is the well-spring of life, and whose resources never fail.

Thus, dear reader, I have presented you with a plain unvarnished detail of the events of my life, hoping that if you are still the subject of parental government, or in your minority, you will learn to be careful how you treat lightly the advice of you parents. Let all *my* difficulties be *beacons* to warn *you* of the dangerous shoal. O, beware of folly. Shun every appearance of evil. Give your heart to God; in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your paths.

I rejoice in being permitted to close this narative on my

birth-day. *Thirty* years have rolled over my head! they are gone forever! O, what wonders God has wrought for me, through all the years of my short life! I have had my lot of sufferings and difficulties from the hands of wicked and unfeeling men. I have felt their frowns and their wrath; but God has interposed, rescued and saved me from every evil, and brought me to a land of liberty and peace; he has given me dear and affectionate friends. Truly God has been my refuge and present help in time of trouble, and, with all my unworthiness, my trust shall be in him for evermore; ere-long and I shall sleep the sleep of death. O, that the Savior may be in my heart, and that the strength of God may sustain me in a dying hour, and grant me a triumphant resurrection to a glorious immortality. May my life on earth be henceforth spent to the glory of my blessed Master. May my labors for precious and undying souls cease only with my life. May *He* so teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. A few more fleeting years, and what a change! what new scenes will burst upon my ravished vision! While living, changes will await me, and when I die, I shall see as seen by Him, and know as known to Eternal Wisdom, to the Ruling Spirit of the universe! and O, what a change! to become an inhabitant of the world of spirits!

"Thou must expire, my soul, ordained to range
Through unexperienced scenes and misteries strange;
Dark the event and dismal the exchange.
But when compelled to leave this house of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing thy way;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be, thou know'st not what, nor where, nor how,—
Trembling and pale, what wilt thou see or do?

Amazing state! No wonder that we dread
The thoughts of death, or faces of the dead:
His black retinue sorely strikes our mind,
Sickness and pain before and darkness all behind.
Some courteous ghost, the secret then reveal;
Tell us what you have felt, and we must feel.
You warn us of approaching death, and why
Will you not teach us what it is to die?
But having shot the gulf you love to view
Succeeding spirits plunged along like you;
Nor lend a friendly hand to guide them through.
When dire disease shall cut or age untie,
The knot of life, and suffer us to die—
When, after some delay some trembling strife,
The soul stands quivering on the ridge of life,—
With fear and hope she throbs, then curious tries
Some strange hereafter, and some hidden skies."

NORRIS.

But, O, if I am prepared for such a change, how delightful it will be to awake from death, to be immortal, and live forever!—to be among immortals, to renew those associations with dear relatives and friends, which have been suspended for a season! I can carry no tidings thither, for the affairs of this world are known to disembodied spirits. I can look around me for relatives and friends, and those refined principles of love and joy will there be renewed and enjoyed forever. O, happy, happy region of boundless bliss! There will be no changing then of time; it will be eternity. O, ETERNITY! that dreadful, pleasing thought! I shall be immortal! But shall I possess a crown of life? Here rests the awful pause! *A crown of life!* My God, O thou eternal and everlasting Father, hear thou a sinner's prayer; lead me by thy good spirit, and so sustain me in

my course, that I may find my all in thee, both in time and in eternity."

And now, before I conclude, let me ask you, reader. What are thy prospects beyond the grave? O, what are thy hopes? Hast thou a well-grounded hope of a blessed immortality, or art thou still in thy sins, an enemy to God by wicked works? If thou art, is it not high time for thee to bethink thyself on thy condition, and prepare thyself for the great event of thy life. Think, O, think, how soon thou wilt have to leave this short, transitory scene of existence! A few years, at the farthest, and then all will be over with thee here, and thou must appear a naked, disembodied spirit, at the awful bar of the august Majesty of heaven, to answer for thy conduct. O, let me urge thee to fly to Christ; he is thy only Savior and sure friend. Have faith in his merits: be deeply humble; live in view of eternity, and in the solemn consequences of that vast and trying scene. Remember that if you neglect to walk in the commands of God, you will be damned forever.

"——————— Be wise, nor make
Heaven's highest blessing vengeance; O, be wise.
Nor make a curse of immortality!
Say, know'st thou what it is, or what thou art?
Know'st thou the importance of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory; worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole:—one soul outweighs them all
And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor."

Let thy soul bathe itself in the blessed Savior—

"Sink into the purple flood,
Rise to all, the life of God."

Seek and retain his sacred image in thy heart, live on him by holy, conquering, irresistible faith, and thou shalt be saved in heaven.

Let me advise the to a constant and prayerful perusal of the Holy Scriptures ; acquaint thyself with them, as thou wouldst with thy chart, wert thou lost at sea, and exposed to perilous dangers near an unknown shore. Remember the *Bible* is the star of eternity, a chart to guide thy frail bark into the haven of eternal rest. Make it the constant book of thy life.

With holy faith and prayer,

> " Read God's word once, and you can read no more :
> For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
> Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
> And God's word will be all the book you'll need."

Never lay it aside because thou hast read it over and over, or because it may not be altogether so congenial to thy natural views and feelings; but persist in thy acquaintance with it, with sincere prayer to God that thou mayst fully understand it. The Holy Scriptures are of indispensable use to thee, as they teach thee every thing relative to thy salvation, and to thy duty while a probationer here below. Let the dear reader, therefore,

> " Read, and revere the sacred *page ;* a *page*
> Where triumphs immortality ; a *page*
> Which not the whole creation could produce ;
> Which not the conflagration shall destroy ;
> In nature's ruins not one letter lost."

Ignorance and neglect of the *Scriptures* are the prime cause of so much infidelity and irreligion in the world. Instead of men's approximating to them, and forming their lives

by their unerring authority, they set up their own systems, creeds, and notions, and foolishly warp them to their unsanctified designs. May God grant, dear reader, that you and I may come to the light of God's Word; if we are condemned and cut off, amen; but let us come to the *truth*, as it is in Jesus, that we may be saved in heaven.

Christian reader, *awake* thou to thy duty; see thou hast every thing ready and in order for thy exit into another world. Be on thy post, and watch against the summons of the Captain of thy salvation. See thou maintainest family and secret prayer, and see that thou holdest daily communion with thy Lord. Examine thyself as to thy title to heaven and happiness. Dost thou live, every day, a holy and devoted life, such as adorns thy profession? Hast thou Christ formed within thee, the hope of glory? Hast thou an abiding witness, that thou art a child of God? O, in a word, art thou, in the strictest sense, a true Christian? Answer thy conscience, and O, answer truly! If thou art not, thou art in the broad road to ruin and destruction; and may God have mercy upon thee, and alarm thy guilty soul! If thou canst respond in the affirmative, go on, with God's blessing; and may thou, and I, and the whole Israel of God, be so unspeakably happy, as to be saved in heaven, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Now to the ever-blessed and glorious TRINITY,—FATHER, WORD, and SPIRIT,—the infinite and eternal ONE, from whom, alone, *wisdom*, *truth*, and *goodness* can proceed, be glory and dominion, forever and ever. AMEN.

JAN 13 1960